

The Nation

Vol. XXIV., No. 24.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1919.

[PRICE 6d.
Postage: U.K. 3d.; Abroad 1d.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	705	LETTERS FROM ABROAD:—	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		The Starvation of Austria.	718
The Armed and Unarmed		By H. N. Brailsford ...	
Camp ...	708	COMMUNICATIONS:—	
Raise the Blockade ...	709	Why Bolshevism Spreads.	719
The Numbness of the People	710	By J. Ramsay MacDonald ...	
A LONDON DIARY ...	711	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ...	721
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		POETRY:—	
"Demobbed" ...	713	"How Shy a Thing is Love!"	722
Robert Smillie ...	714	By Susan Milles ...	
The Medicine Man ...	715	THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	723
THE DRAMA:—		REVIEWS:—	
A Young Man's Play. By		The Radical Tailor of Char-	724
Gilbert Cannan ...	717	ing Cross. By A. B. ...	726
SHORT STUDIES:—		Clemenceau ...	730
In Hospital. By A. F. T. ...	717	The Voice of the Turtle ...	732
		BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	732
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY ...	732

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

A week ago the Armistice Commission broke up at Spa because the German Government refused to hand over the German merchant fleet without a guarantee that Germany should receive two and a-half million tons of food before next harvest. After Marshal Foch's telegram that the fleet was to be surrendered "without regard to the food supply," the German Government naturally became suspicious of the Allied intentions. The deadlock continued until last Saturday, when General Plumer, commanding the Second Army in Cologne, intervened with a telegram which Mr. Lloyd George read to the Council of Ten in Paris. The telegram described the state of starvation existing in Western Germany, and in a significant passage pointed out "how bad was the effect produced upon the British Army by the spectacle of the sufferings of German women and children." The warning of the soldiers had its effect. The Armistice Conference was transferred from Spa to Brussels, and Admiral Wemyss was appointed to re-open negotiations. According to the last available report, the Allies agree to supply 300,000 tons of breadstuffs and 70,000 tons of fats per month until September 1st, payment being made by various methods. The German merchant fleet is to be handed over "without prejudice to its future fate."

Thus the Army has intervened on the side of humanity to check the brutal callousness of the Government. As to the true conditions in Germany there were plenty of warnings. Early in December they came from the most far-seeing correspondents on the Rhine. Early in January the Intelligence Department of our own Army there issued similar warnings. But the blockade was maintained. The leaders of the medical profession in Germany held conferences and issued reports showing the enormous increase of mortality and disease, especially among the women and children. But the blockade was maintained. On the third of this month Mr. Churchill told the House of Commons that "Germany was very near starvation." But two sentences

before he had told it also that "we are enforcing the blockade with rigor." Even when it became evident that something must be done to save a whole people from starvation, the reasons given were those of the "Times": "We want a Germany strong enough to resist the worst forms of infectious political disease and prosperous enough to pay the bills that she owes." It has been left to the Army to restore some kind of decency to human affairs. Fortunately for mankind and the credit of our country, the Army consists of the average British working man, and to him at all events the call of sympathy with suffering and misfortune is not made in vain. We read now that the Associated Powers make their present proposal "on the grounds of humanity." Precious little they care about humanity. It is from the soldiers that they have learnt even of its existence.

On Tuesday night Mr. Robert Lansing, Secretary of State for the United States, made an important speech in Paris at a reception to the American Peace Mission by the French Circle of the Foreign Press. After deserved praise of the constancy and success of the French armies during the terrible years, he spoke of the necessity of restoring stable conditions in Germany, if there is to be any German Government with which peace can be made, and if the rest of Europe is to be saved from chaos. "Two words," he said, "tell the story—food and peace."

"I say to you that there is no time to be lost if we are to save the world from the despotism of anarchy, even as we have saved it from the despotism of autocracy. We ought to make, we must make, peace without delay, and ships laden with food must enter the harbors of Germany. We have reached the crisis in the affairs of the world."

He went on to maintain that it is not a spirit of generosity which demands peace and cries out that the German people must be fed; it is common sense that speaks, and points the perils before us. There is nothing inspiring in such pleas—nothing of the spirit of Abraham Lincoln; but the object is just, and the spirit of revenge has to be humored. To allay vindictive suspicions, Mr. Roberts, the British Food Controller, next morning declared that the Allies and their friends would be first secured in the matter of food, but that there is plenty of nourishment to give relief to all.

THE terms for Germany's disarmament have been announced. The chief point is that her army is to consist of only 100,000 men, recruited by voluntary enlistment for twelve years' service, plus 4,500 officers. The provision of a voluntary system was carried on Mr. Lloyd George's proposal, and no doubt he hoped thus to be able to assert that he had done his utmost to abolish Conscription. But there is no sign that other countries will follow the example thus thrust upon Germany. They keep entire freedom of action, and the "Times" at once points out that we ourselves "must make very important reserves" with regard to our military system, owing to our great empire and "enormous current military responsibilities." In other words, there will be a strong movement for retaining Conscription and Militarism

among the Allies, while destroying both in the formerly hostile countries. The German military schools are to be abolished, and armament is to be restricted by the prohibition of tanks, armored cars, heavy artillery, poison gas, liquid fire, and all but a few aeroplanes. The object is to reduce the German army to a body of police for internal use alone. We wish all armies could be reduced till nothing but a police force were left. But how can we expect Germany long to endure such a reduction, surrounded as she apparently will be by new and old enemies maintaining conscript armies of the present type, and encouraged by her weakness to develop their territorial ambitions? What German force, for instance, is to protect the province of East Prussia and the city of Königsberg now that the German port of Dantzic is to be handed over to the Poles, and connected with Poland by a "corridor?"

As to territorial questions, the proposals of the Peace Conference may now be fairly foretold. It seems certain that the repellent claims of Belgium against the neutral state of Holland regarding the mouth of the Scheldt will be disallowed, so that one disquieting point is removed. On the other hand, the dubious German district of Malmédy, south-east of Spa, may be united to Belgium, whether the inhabitants wish it or not. But as regards Germany, the three main outstanding questions are: (1) the proposed formation of a neutral or buffer State out of the German provinces on the left bank of the Rhine, in the hope that this district under French tutelage may become French in sympathy—we are convinced an utterly futile hope, for the inevitable desire of a thoroughly German population to be re-united to its own people will almost certainly insure a renewal of strife; (2) the subjection of the German city of Dantzic to the Poles, so that Poland may obtain access to a seaport of her own by means of a "corridor," which will apparently separate the whole of East Prussia from the rest of the German people, and so become another source of new wars and (3) the probable refusal of the Ten to allow the German population of the old Austrian Empire to unite with the rest of their race in the German Republic, though if the question of self-determination were put and the Peace Conference acted up to the principles at first laid down, there can be no doubt what the determination of German-Austrians would be. We believe that President Wilson is opposed to any such violation of the Fourteen Points, and has expressed his objections to M. Clemenceau. Has he been overruled?

On Wednesday it was reported that the German Government was about to leave Weimar for Berlin, on the ground that the work of the National Assembly was for the present completed. But the news from Berlin itself continues very threatening. The Spartacist movement there seems to be following more and more closely the parallel with the Commune of Paris in 1871, with the result of a similarly increasing savagery on both sides. The Government forces are using aeroplanes to detect machine-guns on the roofs of houses and 5 in. howitzers to assault Spartacist strongholds. The Spartacists reply with anti-aircraft guns and copious rifle fire. Charges of cold-blooded murder of the police and other prisoners who have fallen into their hands are made against them, and the Government Commandants have retaliated by ordering all found with arms to be shot offhand. So the desperate citizen-warfare continues, and in the uncertainty and terror of the scene such people as still possess the means of purchase hasten to buy what gratifications remain, never knowing from hour

to hour how long the chance of enjoyment may last. To such misery have the war of their governors and the blockade of their enemies reduced an industrious and order-loving people.

THE Navy Estimates, joined to those for the Army and the Air Service, make a complete catena of extravagance and incoherence. In round figures the three claimants make a demand on the nation's purse for 655 millions—440 millions for the Army, 149 millions for the Navy, and 66 millions for the Air Service, as a preliminary expenditure. This in face of the fact that Germany, which is starving and whose army has disappeared, with the details fighting each other, is in future to be restricted to 100,000 volunteers, untrained in the "art" of war, no fighting aeroplanes (we are constructing giants), no battle-fleet worth mentioning, and no western fortresses, that Austria does not exist, that Turkey has been abolished, and that the whole Central Alliance taken together could not put 100,000 men in the field, equip them, and keep them there! A more impudent imposture was never palmed on a credulous people. If the House of Commons had a will or a conscience, it would refuse to ruin the country without cause, and send Mr. Churchill packing to his constituents to defend his insane estimates and his superfluous political existence together.

PROTECTIONISM, which crept in under the cloak of war emergency, has no intention of leaving when peace comes. In his account of restrictions upon imports to be continued until next September, Sir Auckland Geddes described last Monday the groundwork of the new tariff system. Apparently raw materials are to come in free from any source. But semi-manufactured goods are to be kept out when they compete with industries in the country which require to be "shielded." Manufactured goods are to be restricted in importation where they are unnecessary for consumption or where they would compete with industries struggling back from the disorganization of war or with industries created or encouraged to expand by circumstances arising out of the war. This agreement is to be reviewed in six months' time. But, meanwhile, Protectionist interests are pressing for, and getting guarantees from, Government departments. Dyes, soap, non-ferrous metals and other industries are pegging out their claims. The active leaders of the trades are members of Government Controls and Committees, and are in a strong position to fight against the withdrawal of restrictions.

SIR DONALD MACLEAN, in a strong speech, spoke the mind of all business men outside these "shielded" circles when he dwelt on the damages of uncertainty regarding the future. The interim proposals of the Paris Economic Conference are now being enacted. Is the Government going afterwards to commit the country to the lasting policy of preferences and discriminations outlined in the Paris document? A number of Coalition Liberals are evidently shaken in their allegiance by this sudden appearance of the Tariff spectre, and Mr. France and Mr. Strickland uttered sharp protests. If there is a kick remaining in Liberalism, it will show itself under this provocation. We doubt whether the Government is aware of the torrent of exasperation against controls of every kind that is rising in the country. If the Tory majority in the House want Protection, they would do better to seek it by honest straightforward ways than by crooked and corrupt administration.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, a man of studiously moderate opinion, made a very strong speech at the Philadelphia Convention, describing Ireland's "inalienable right to self-determine her own destiny," and calling on Mr. Wilson to "lift his voice on behalf of Ireland." The Cardinal was supported by the leaders of Presbyterianism, Episcopalianism, and Judaism in the State. The Massachusetts Senate and New York legislature have since passed resolutions asking the U.S. representatives at the Peace Conference to present Ireland's case for self-determination. In Ireland a first list of 140 Irish officers have signed a memorial to the King for the submission of Ireland's claims to the Peace Conference. We believe that the promoters of the memorial just fell short of securing General Gough's adhesion, but the list as published, and the names that have since been added, show a significant polarisation of Irish opinion. The list is exclusive of Sinn Fein, a fact which gives it the greater significance.

* * *

LAST Monday Mr. Bottomley asked whether "in order to find employment for discharged soldiers" the French Government would be approached with a view to beginning the construction of the Channel Tunnel. Casually, as though giving away a china mug with a pound of tea, Mr. Bonar Law replied that he was in communication with the Prime Minister in Paris on this subject. That is the way things are done under the Georgian Dictatorship. It has been at once assumed, probably correctly, that the Channel Tunnel is to be constructed at last. The idea has been brought forward time after time for about a century in one form or another, and hitherto has always been rejected with emphasis on grounds partly of naval and military danger, partly of popular feeling against the union of our island with the Continent. Nearly all military experts as well as writers, thinkers, and poets have vigorously opposed it; but now apparently the scheme is to be rushed through, on the suggestion of Mr. Bottomley, just to find work for discharged soldiers. We can only hope the discharged soldiers will find the work of tunnelling as agreeing as digging trenches.

* * *

WE have received a detailed account of the behavior of the Governor of Wandsworth Prison, in face of which it is difficult to accept Mr. Shortt's acquittal of him without further investigation. The acts and expressions it describes are appropriate to the civilian who meets in the conscientious objector an intellectual or a moral problem he is unable to understand. But they will not do for the government even of gaols. If half these things are true, the Governor of Wandsworth should be dismissed from the service. If they are all untrue, he should be acquitted with honor. But considering the prison history of the C.O.s we are not going to take an elaborate statement of this character as all invention simply because the incriminated man says so. There will have to be an inquiry.

* * *

MEANWHILE, Lord Hugh Cecil's keen, powerful mind plays steadily on this problem of the "C.O.s," and exposes to the Liberals and professional Christians their practice of illiberalism and anti-Christ. The Home Secretary said that these men could not be released, because that would give them priority over soldiers who had not been demobilized. Lord Hugh replies that no soldier will be released from service an hour later because one soldier of conscience has been let out of prison long after the reason for sending him there has ceased. Nor, he might have added, can this tiny fraction

of the people seriously compete with the soldier for jobs. Are soldiers inhuman? General Plumer's message to the Paris Conference shows, on the contrary, that they are much more humane than the politicians. But the point is not the unfairness of the Government's action; it is what Lord Hugh calls its "extreme wickedness." The Home Secretary admits that at least some of the C.O.s are "good and religious men." Mr. Shortt, therefore, is guilty of the "extreme wickedness" of punishing good men for refusing to do what they think is wrong. Mr. Shortt admits in words that he is wicked; but his tongue does not seem to have conveyed the fact to his intelligence. Perhaps Lord Hugh's letter will enable him to make the connection. Sir Edward Carson might also give him a little assistance. The Sinn Feiners having been released, Sir Edward says he has no more interest in the detention of "C.O.s." So it is quite safe for Mr. Shortt to move. These "Liberal" Ministers will have to release the "C.O.s," because the Tories say they must, just as they will have to raise the blockade because the soldiers say they must. What a set!

* * *

If it is true that the final offer of the Railway Executive to the railwaymen's trade unions is that wages should sink as the cost of living falls, to twenty per cent. above the pre-war standard, there is certainly not much prospect of industrial peace in the railway world. Before the war, the railwaymen were quite the worst paid of any large groups of organised workers, and there can be no doubt that if there had been no war and no rise in prices in 1914, they would then have secured the substantial all-round advance in wages which they were claiming. To expect the railwaymen, many of whom were earning about 20s. before the war, to revert to a standard of twenty per cent. above that, is merely absurd, especially as the railway trade unions are claiming not only the incorporation in permanent wage-rates of war advances, but also a further substantial increase. The advances during the war have, on the average, about kept pace with the rise in the cost of living; the railwaymen, however, want a real improvement in their standard of life, and certainly, if any class of workers ought to have a higher standard, they have a formidable claim.

* * *

WHILE the Metropolitan Police Commissioner is busy issuing announcements to the Press stating that the Government has not recognised, and will on no account recognise, the National Union of Police and Prison Officials, the president of that very union, Mr. Marston, is sitting as a member of the National Joint Industrial Committee, set up by the Industrial Conference a fortnight ago. Mr. Marston was present as a delegate at the Conference, presumably on the invitation of the Government. It seems curious that the Minister of Labor should invite a union to be represented at an official conference, and at the same time the Home Office and Sir Nevil Macready should be taking their oath that the mere existence of such a union is fatal to all discipline and idea of public service among the police. Perhaps the Government will some day realize that the way to prevent police unrest is the way of granting full and cordial recognition to the union. Certainly the police force, with its union 'unrecognised, is hardly a model of discipline.

* * *

CORRECTION.—The figure £15,000,000 was given in our last issue as the coal owners' share of the increase of 2s. 6d. in the price of coal. It should have been £1,500,000.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ARMED AND UNARMED CAMP.

THE decision of the Allies to disarm Germany, abolish conscription, reduce her army to 100,000 volunteers, shut her military schools, refuse her a war-fleet, and the use of war-planes, tanks, poison-gas, and heavy guns, is beyond all doubt a great European event. Whether it is also a triumph for the cause of peace, or only a fresh defeat, is another question. It is something to have stricken down militarism at its centre, and forbidden the cult of war to its most famous votaries. Everything depends on the people who have done these things and the spirit in which they have done them. Let us examine these propositions.

Who, in the first place, are the authors of this tremendous ukase? Well, they are an armed, a victorious Alliance. They are the nations who, in the account which they have just given of their massed strength, possessed last month some thirteen million soldiers, against a total of something over a million armed Germans and German Allies. Since that date this enemy force has been reduced to a shadow and, in effect, no longer exists. But this comparison by no means exhausts the armed preponderance of the Entente. The Central Powers relied on land-power; their enemies on sea-power, and sea-power won. This second arm of the Western Powers carries with it the control of the world's right to live. Their domination therefore is absolute, and it is applied, in President Wilson's words, without limit. What is to be its method of application? On this the most definite light is that thrown by the British Government, nominally the least military of all the Great Powers, in reality the keystone of the alliance, and to-day the most formidable armed force that the world has ever known. There is no end to British conscription. Up to 1920 this Power proposes to maintain practically a million conscripts under arms, in addition to the fleet which has starved the foe into submission, and, by the mere fact of its existence, created the famine of a continent; to increase its pre-war strength; to achieve the highest development of its air service (it proposes to spend 66 millions on this service alone), and to organize and train the grand General Staff which is expressly denied to Germany. Three other Powers of great military strength are also concerned in this act of compulsory disarmament. The first is France, whose military genius can only be compared with that of Imperial Rome. So far as one knows, France proposes to adhere to conscription. So does Italy, the second of these Powers. America, we are sure, does not. But America's future, like autocratic Germany's, lies on the water. We have one invincible Armada. America now proposes to build another.

Even that is not all. The Powers thus leagued in a triumphant and irresistible "Bund" of force, have also concluded a political covenant which divides between them the political government of the world. This act automatically reduces Germany to the status of a second-rate Power, and excludes her and Russia from any share in the management of this closed trust. The Western Allies alone will make peace and ordain war. They will prescribe the tale of armaments, adjudicate disputes, regulate supplies, act as earthly providence to the backward races, and apportion their inheritance of land and mineral wealth. When the last great "rationing" of world-power took place, the genius of a Frenchman contrived that the beaten side should have its say and claim a seat at the European Areopagus. No German statesman has been allowed to modify a comma of the "pact" of Nations, or to plead

for the retention of a single German war-boat. The terms now adumbrated are not treaty terms. They are being extorted during an armistice and under a threat of starvation. Good or bad, just or unjust, they represent the most extreme example of duress that the sequels of great wars supply. Nor can the exponents of this ensuing Covenant of Nations be described as men of enlightenment. With one exception, the first directors of this new Earth Syndicate are Nationalists or Imperialists. All are of the official class. No representative element is admitted to the League of the only Armed Nations. Though Europe should be one Society, and half of it is Socialist, no Socialist or Internationalist of repute will sit on its Executive Board.

There remains the gravest question of all. To what end is Germany to be disarmed? Two answers are possible. The Allies *may* have formed a solemn and a holy Pact of Peace, conceived as a sign that the world has broken with its past. If so, they have only to recur to the Fourteen Points, and, proclaiming the principle of universal disarmament by land, air, and sea, place the limited forces they retain under the control of the League, affirm that every rood of land they transfer from one government to another will be subject to the self-determination of its people, admit their late enemies, broken and utterly prostrate as they are, to the fellowship of the League, and inaugurate the reign of economic justice for them and for all men. That is the Wilson Peace, and there is no other. But it is not the path along which France has hitherto led the Conference, or Mr. Winston Churchill has led Mr. Lloyd George. For French Nationalism the peace means what every other "victorious" peace has meant, the power to reduce the enemy's land and wealth, to enfeeble his manhood, break his spirit, open his borders to easy invasion, surround him with armed vassals of your own, and generally deal with him so that he may never cross your path again. Every one of these ends or expedients France means to use against Germany. In pursuit of one or other of them, the Frenchman calls for indemnities of thousands of millions, demands the coal of the Saar valley, dismantles the Rhine fortresses while retaining his own, tries to divide the Rhine peoples from the German Federation, opens Dantzic to the Poles, and Presburg to the Czechs. But, at least, the Frenchman is a realist, not a romantic *poseur* of the Churchill type, to whom soldiers are playthings and wars in which a civilization goes down pleasant schemes of chessboard politics. He knows that what he gets must be paid for, and that a world uprooted continually by man's passion and ambition must be regularly fed with his treasure and watered with his blood. Does he then propose disarmament? It would be the economic salvation of France to release her conscripts with the same gesture with which she sets the boys of Germany free. Will she do it? If she accepts the Wilson Peace she will and must. But France's military past, her fears of Germany, and the traditional French spirit forbid a resort to the international solution and counsel a return to the politics of power. That, it would seem, with war estimates for land, air, and sea, of some 650 millions, is also the mind of British statesmanship. "The voluntary system and a small army are enough for Germany," says the "Times." But "countries like ours which, quite apart from the defence of domestic hearths and homes, have a great Empire to keep going, and increasing current military responsibilities to sustain, are in a very different position from other nations, and must make very important reserves with regard to their military system."

Now we have no doubt at all that the scheme of perfect injustice and hypocrisy which these reserves typify

will come to grief. The proposition of the disarmament of one great part of the world's family by another, which, at the same time, gathers within its own bosom all the military, naval, political, industrial powers and resources, and imposes no real limits on its own resort to them, must fall by its own folly and the weight of the ensuing censure. We may close Germany's arsenals and military schools, but we cannot stop her arguments. Still less can we avert the ruin that waits on a partizan settlement. No one nation or group of nations can restore the commercial fabric, or even repair the damage of the war; only a union of credits, to which Germany is admitted, can do that. And Germany's help is equally indispensable to a renewal of the political structure. Conceived as merely a forestalment of a universal resort to equity instead of arms, this scheme of German disarmament would prove a blessing to mankind, for if it were fairly applied all round, the total armed forces of Europe should fall well below one million soldiers, and need not exceed a few dozen warships and some hundred aeroplanes. But regarded as a merely individual and punitive measure, it is a device of utter humiliation; it destroys the self-respect of a nation, and, coupled with starvation, must reduce it to despair. But it is Germany which holds the key to the defeat of Bolshevism, and if she gives way Western Europe lies open to the invader. Who, then, is to hold the pass for "security"? America? It is neither the will nor the interest of the United States to see Europe become the ward of France and England. For her the day of hegemonies is over, as it should have been for the whole world on the day when Germany surrendered.

And if this is the answer of world-power, what of the world-conscience? War has tortured, starved, mutilated, impoverished, depraved, and maddened a great part of two continents. Yet this policy of the armed and the unarmed camp must carry society on to the next war, and the war after the next. Well does Europe know these war-statesmen and their works. Mr. Churchill's "real securities" were the "securities" of Napoleon after Jena, of Metternich at Vienna, of Bismarck at Versailles. They are only worse, because their trust is still more in chariots and horses and still less in the word of the Lord. They are only more fallible, because, as Germany's overthrow shows, not all the military science in the world can bar the door against the science that is preparing to overthrow it. And they are only more wicked, because now we know the truth, and in preparing to do injustice to others because others have done injustice to us, we shall sin with our eyes open and a lie on our lips and in our soul.

RAISE THE BLOCKADE!

WILL history, assigning to Germany the guilt of making the war, assign to the victorious Allies the equal guilt of making a peace which is no peace, but is sown thick with the seeds of hate and future strife? In the terms of the Armistice, accepted by the enemy upon the express understanding that the Allies adopted as the basis of the peace terms Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points, it was provided that while "The existing blockade conditions set up by the Allied and Associated Powers are to remain unchanged—the Allies and the United States *contemplate the provisioning of Germany during the armistice as shall be found necessary.*" Four months have passed. The blockade has not remained unchanged. It has been tightened. New trade restrictions have followed the armed occupation, including the prohibition of fishing in the Baltic. The Allies have not found it necessary to provision Germany. Up to the present time they

have continued to "contemplate" it. They have contemplated it in the face of overwhelming testimony to wholesale starvation, for which our Press prefers the euphemism of "under-feeding." This "under-feeding" has doubled the mortality for children, old people, and invalids in all the cities; and has kept the whole population in abject misery, aggravated by the stoppage of industries due to the refusal of all importation of materials. Now that some hundreds of thousands of innocent lives have been destroyed by this policy, of which Britain has been the executioner, the Paris statesmen announce with a gesture of magnanimity that they are preparing—not to raise the blockade, but to ration Germany.

This resolution, it appears, is not due to any consideration of humanity, or to any regard for the express undertaking in the terms of the armistice. Two connected causes have operated. The first has been the fear of infectious anarchy, the second the undermining of the moral of British soldiers in the Army of Occupation. If there is any shame in the composition of a statesman, it might be touched by this revulsion of the common British soldier against the cold-blooded crime of his rulers. But this tardy decision to pour so many tons of food into the enemy countries in order to prevent starvation and anarchy from advancing further is no remedy. There is only one remedy, if it be not already too late, and that is the immediate and complete raising of the blockade. The wholesale slaughter it decrees is not, of course, confined to Germany, though we have first cited her case because the broken pledge has there a special application. Half Europe is starving to-day, including not only neutrals but portions of our own Allies because we have insisted on maintaining and tightening our blockade. Why? A truthful answer to this question would invite a look into the inferno of hate, revenge, rapacity and sheer destructiveness which the dramatic completeness of victory has liberated in the world. Germany is not even the chief victim of this spirit. That is Russia, whom, because she was so inconsiderate as to substitute a revolution for a war, we decided to punish by the same process of starvation.

Can nothing yet be done to recover the situation for peace? The blockade policy stands as the central obstacle. But it is encompassed by an entanglement of machinations—annexations, violations of nationality, penal indemnities, mutilations of industry, hostile discriminations and plunder-tariffs. All these conspire to make a peaceful world impossible. They have even sought a formal and perpetual habitation under the League of Nations. Europe appears unable to help herself to sanity. It is for such reasons that many millions of decent men and women in this and other countries, horror-stricken at their own Governments, are still clinging to America, and America's great leader, as the sole hope for a better, or even a tolerable world. For America has nothing to gain in territory, trade, prestige, or even in the immediate satisfaction of war-passions, by the making and the guaranteeing of a bad peace. That country has its own militarists, preachers of a peace of violence. But the plain people of America will not stand long for that policy. They do not want to be embroiled in the European quarrels that must result from a bad peace. They do not know very much about frontiers and nationality. But we do not believe that Mr. Wilson will attempt to ask his people to guarantee a peace in flagrant violation of certain plain principles of equity, which they clearly apprehend, and which he has laid down with incomparable force and sincerity. His pronouncements stand on lasting record, his distinction between a peace of violence and a peace of justice, his insistence upon the different treatment to be accorded to a Germany

remaining under military autocracy and one that had worked out its own democratic salvation, his enthusiasm for a League consisting not of "any group of nations," but of "the general and common family" of mankind. To real politicians this sort of thing seems nothing but visionary rhetoric. It is not so, we are convinced, for Mr. Wilson and the main body of his countrymen. We do not believe that he and they have abandoned the attempt to realize these just ideas in the structure of the world after the war. Until we are assured by undeniable evidence, we shall not accept the view that Mr. Wilson, speaking for his country, will consent to hand over the German population of the Saar Valley to France, on some pretext of compensation, or the purely German port of Dantzic to the Poles, or that he will set his hand to those demands of Italy which go far beyond the claim of irredentism, or to a League of Nations which confirms these acts of spoliation and binds America to help in defending them.

We may be asked, how Mr. Wilson can lift his wand of idealism and stop these things from being done. Can we expect mere principles to prevail at such a time? To this we would reply that America does not stand in lofty isolation, waving the banner of the ideal. She, and she alone, has "the goods." She is the possessor and controller of the largest supplies of the necessities of life and industry which Europe craves to-day. She alone has come out of the war with her material resources not merely intact but greatly enhanced. Above all, she wields that magic wand of credit, the wave of which can stimulate, the withholding of which can wither, all forms of business enterprise. Every civilised country of the world is bankrupt or semi-bankrupt to-day except America, and consciously or unconsciously they are looking to her abounding credit to renew the early possibilities of industrial recovery, and to furnish some escape from the otherwise inextricable coils of war-indebtedness. America has the power to compel the world to save itself, by insisting on a peace that shall in essentials conform to the just conditions by which the enemy was led to disarm. For the Allies to secure this disarmament by an express assent to these conditions, and then afterwards to impose on their enemy terms inconsistent with and additional to these conditions, would be an act of perfidy. We still believe that Mr. Wilson, expressing the true self of his country, will use all its moral and material resources to insist upon a peace without offence to the principles of nationality, self-determination, and economic equality, which he has maintained and which he possesses the power to compel the statesmen of the Continent to apply.

But there is one immediate test which we venture to assert is "up to" him—that is, to demand the withdrawal of the blockade, and give to Central Europe and to Russia the chance to recover physical vitality and social order. For the testimony of American statesmen on this vital issue has been clear from the beginning. On November 18th Mr. Hoover wrote in words, deliberately suppressed in this country: "We are not worrying about the Germans. They can take care of themselves, if given a chance. But the watertight blockade has got to be abandoned." Mr. Lansing now says ditto to Mr. Hoover. We urge Mr. Wilson, on his return this week, to demand of the Allied Governments the immediate abandonment of the blockade.

THE NUMBNESS OF THE PEOPLE

The London County Council elections have come and gone. They have not stirred a ripple on the surface of London life. Except for advertisements in the London

Press, nine-tenths of the population of the Metropolis would never have been conscious of their existence. These advertisements—issued in the name of "Municipal Reformer," "Progressive," or "Labor"—announced incredible reforms to an indifferent electorate. Some 18 per cent. of men and women shambled to the polls through the rain; most of them to vote for candidates they had never seen, advocating programmes they never understood. The percentage, indeed, was unnaturally swollen by large votes in places like Woolwich, where the Arsenal and other Government works keep men alive. In the real, central London, the proportion of voters was far less than 18 per cent. In Shoreditch only 7,000 votes were recorded out of a possible 75,000. In Brixton 7,000 out of 60,000. Apparently there was a Labor success and fifteen seats won. In reality, Labor triumphant polled something like five out of every hundred electors. It was not that Labor had increased; it was that everything else had vanished. In the vacuum a voice had become audible which otherwise would never have been heard. Those who attempt explanations seemingly fall back on the election platform and personality. There was nothing to kindle enthusiasm in either one or the other. The age when the London "Progressives" entered into the contest in the spirit of a crusade is long gone by. The men who conducted that crusade have also vanished from municipal affairs. The Moderate-Progressive coterie had settled down comfortably to the work of administering, without vision or ideal, the greatest city in the world. Labor, represented in rather a crude form, and also lacking any outstanding leader, made some feeble effort to challenge the coterie. Moderates and Progressives united to arrange, by allocation of seats to one or other, that Labor should not succeed. More than fifty candidates were thus returned unopposed. The remainder were elected by a percentage less than that of an ordinary Guardians' election before the war.

But thus to attribute the result to lack of leaders, causes, or ideals, is to state less than half the truth. The electors had no wish to express either approval of the present government of London or disgust with it. The electors only wanted never to hear anything about the government of London: or, indeed, very much of any government elsewhere. The apathy was not substantially different at the General Election three months ago. Then, also, no one came to meetings on either side. No one showed enthusiasm, no one opposition, to all or any parties or candidates. The general impression was of an enormous weariness produced by an enormous crisis. Great phrases and ideals circled above their heads. "To make the world safe for Democracy": "to establish a League of Nations to prevent war": "to create a new Heaven and a new Earth": "to make this country a place fit for heroes to live in," and the like. The people passed them by in an atmosphere of tired tolerance. To some critics the influenza and other maladies appeared to be the cause of this apathy: and the reiterated advice of the newspapers to avoid all crowded places. The explanation would appear more plausible had not the theatres and music-halls been crowded all the time these elections went on, and long queues not been fighting their way into the picture-palaces. One must seek for diagnosis a malady more deep seated, if not more difficult to cure.

The mind of the people is numbed. It has been numbed by the effort to see and to understand the vision of a world's destruction. Four years of blood have not only reduced the individual mind to a condition in which it accepts anything and fears nothing.

It has also practically destroyed the collective mind. The unit has become again the family or even the single man or woman. It is stunned by experience of the immediate past. It utterly fails to comprehend the immediate present. It is profoundly distrustful of the immediate future and of the men who pretend to be shaping it. Mankind, that is to say, although physically crowded in the cities, has passed back into the condition of the primitive ages, dwelling spiritually in separate villages or caves. Mechanical bonds—use, custom, trade, and commerce, actual bodily proximity—are alone keeping society from falling to pieces. Much of the flower of the nation, including, above all, the young with their dreams and ideals, lies dead overseas, or is permanently maimed in body or mind, or abides abroad cramped in Mr. Churchill's army, which is inaugurating the reign of universal peace. Each individual, thus isolated, is turning to such anodynes as he can obtain; desirous, like Themistocles, to be taught less to remember than to forget. He is completely scornful of the promises of politicians. The Georges and the Churchills are half-repugnant unrealities to him. He has lost all belief in collective improvement. Parliament and Municipal Councils are as far from his interests as the Pacific Islands. If he belongs to the possessing classes he finds refuge from thought in extravagance of entertainment, designed to excite jaded nerves. He resorts to physical drugs, to soothe or to stimulate; or to mental drugs such as music, which, like alcohol, has the property of a sedative and stimulant combined. If he is of the middle class, he is involved in a desperate struggle for the maintenance of his standard, against tax-gatherers, controllers, landlords, public and private profiteers, who are daily threatening to overwhelm him. In so disastrous a losing battle he has small desire or opportunity of discussing the League of Nations, or the renovation of slum districts. He turns for distraction, where possible, to the cheap theatre or music hall, and (again) to cruder pictorial or sensational newspapers. And amongst the dispossessed, except for occasional periods of fighting Socialism or Bolshevism, prolonged physical weariness operates more largely perhaps than mental overstrain: and relief is found in the pictures, and (again) in the cruder sensational newspapers. This numbness and fatigue, and destruction of the ideal or collective mind, has been the characteristic consequence of all wars. It was noted in Athens during the intolerable prolongation of the Peloponnesian War. It is noted in London to-day. It is more characteristic of the city than the countryside. For to the peasant, returning to the encounter with wind and rain in prosperous or inclement seasons, the war is but an episode. To the city dweller it is something in the nature of an end.

"Can these dry bones live?" is the inquiry of the Reformer, as he gazes on these millions sunk thus in political apathy. Has the shock to the nervous system of the people been so great, that henceforth a whole generation must be treated as an invalid? The answer is emphatically No. New desires will arise as life recovers from the terror it has experienced. A collective mind and conscience will be established, as the cause of injury is further and further removed. The ancient sanities will return. Humanity will awake again astonished at its period of sleep: astonished that, for example, it was so numbed as to care nothing for the deliberate starvation of hundreds of thousands of children in Russia and Germany and Bohemia; or for the faint and feeble support given by the Democracy to those who are fighting for a League of Nations to prevent war; or for the organized torture of men who serve their conscience above

all things, a crime which the "common people" could stop to-morrow if they cared. As soon as they awake the people will create leaders upon whose word they can rely, and Governments and Parliaments neither corrupt nor inefficient. They will find something to fight for in the choice of rulers of their city. They will revive that sense of civic pride and determination to remove remediable evils which inspired the pioneers of such progress, so many years ago. The ultimate deadly sin is despair of the common people. No short cuts to improvement, either by Bolshevik or Bureaucratic methods, can be substituted for the influence and revival of the common will. The duty of the Reformer to-day may be to effect reforms. But such reform can only be permanent if based upon the belief by the people that it is necessary, and upon the confidence that it can be attained.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE Tragic Comedians of Paris have allowed calamity to march ahead of them, and now I suppose they will try and stem it. They let the warnings of their best civil servants go unheeded, and closed their hearts and their understandings to the truth till it spoke to them through the soldiers. Now even the journalists begin to recant their lies, and the bishops to emit mouse-like squeaks of protest. But from the first the action of the politicians was, as Mr. Lansbury said, "wilful wickedness." And it is useless to put it all on to France, unless, indeed, our statesmen and America's can make up their minds to be dragged no longer at the heels of her Nationalists. The trouble is their own consciencelessness. They have one test of policy: "Is it popular?" I suppose that if last December Mr. George had thought that "Feed the Huns" would prove a better catch-line than "Hang the Kaiser," he would have had no objection to placarding the hoardings with it, especially if he had realised that while he had not the remotest intention of doing the second thing, he would soon be forced to do the first. Thus the people, whom statesmen should guide and instruct, become at once their dupes and their false gods. The bad side of men and women is always appealed to, and when there is a call for their best, the miracle of miracles does not happen, and moral support for an act of common humanity is wanting. "Blind mouths" indeed! And a kingdom of the blinded for them to stumble through.

I WISH the soldiers and politicians who drew up the terms of the Blockade, and then set their guilty hands to them, could have heard Madame Polovtsev's account of their work in Russia. They might then leave counting the sins of Germany, and before they consummate the greatest crime in history, begin to think of their own. The meeting in the Central Hall was horrified, but so close was the detail, and so appalling the state of misery it conveyed, that the intelligence could hardly gather up its full meaning. Many of the foods on which our poorest live had simply disappeared. Tea, the national drink of Russia, could only be bought by the very richest. There was no such thing as what we call meat in the shops. Even horseflesh had become a luxury, and the places that sold it were shutting up. There was still a sale of dogs' flesh, but that, too, was likely to stop soon. Food expeditions by armed guards were constantly fighting the peasants for their stores, and returning empty-handed, bearing nothing but their dead and wounded. The prices

of the simplest articles were incredible; and under the strain a deep and savage spirit of vengeance, especially against us as the authors of the blockade, was rising in the breasts of the whole nation, and might permanently alter the character and foreign policy of Russia.

THE Churchill speeches and the Churchill War Estimates have had, on the whole, a good, because an awakening, effect. The House takes its line in some degree from the City, and the City is now thoroughly alarmed at the discovery that months after the real close of the struggle the Government should be asking for over 650 millions of war expenditure, and that in despite of the League and the complete collapse of Germany, its War Minister should threaten a War Establishment on a far greater scale than that of 1914. The Conscription Bill is worse. No one can doubt the breach of faith, or believe the pretence that when Mr. George cried "No Conscription," he merely forgot that the three Acts of Parliament which gave him his conscript army all came to an end with the war. If Mr. George could forget, the trouble that ran through the length and breadth of the Army last winter must have reminded him that the soldiers did not. Equally *mal-à-propos* was the gloating militarism of Mr. Churchill's speech, and of the message to the Young Guards which despatched them on their "fine adventure." Adventures are to the adventurer; but the House remembers that after a very few weeks of shivering in the trenches, Mr. Churchill himself preferred to shine in the Senate. Thus the whole effort was pitched in the wrong key, personal and political. The moment was a golden one for preaching retrenchment, the return to voluntarism, the beginning of disarmament, the coming age of peace. Common feeling, common intelligence, common sense called for such an appeal. Instead, one got this harsh, belated drum-tap. What can be the motive of such men or their possible service to humanity? They propagate war, and then, when it begins to die of its own destructive fury, plant it afresh. The world is sick of them, and the only hope for it is to destroy their careers.

A good many Liberals feel that the sooner these "negotiations" with Mr. George's tied associates are dropped the better. What is there to negotiate about? The free Liberals are not the attacking party, they are the attacked. If peace is to come, Mr. George himself has only to cease his war on the elect of Liberal Associations. But this is precisely what he has refused to do; so that in effect the free Liberals are called on to rally in Parliament to the leader who is steadily bleeding their cause to death in the constituencies. Why in any case should they rally at all? Is it not enough for Liberals to be free to expound free trade, free service, and free government, or must they be hankering to sup with their betrayers? And is there to be no Liberal Party in England but that which hangs about the passages of Downing Street, yellow ticket in hand, and the hope of office in its foolish face?

MEANWHILE, has the country any idea of what is going on? Is it, for example, aware that the Government have already decided to put a tax on food? The form which this impost will take already outdoes Chamberlainism, and reverses the free trade policy of generations. In brief, it is a proposal to give a prefer-

ence on articles which now pay customs duty, provided they are either produced or manufactured in our possessions. This implies that, among other things, they mean to tax foreign sugar, coffee, cocoa, raisins, and dried fruits—i.e., to put up the breakfast-table duties. This is Mr. George's latest contribution to Liberalism.

HERE is a thing which has just happened in Ireland. On February 10th, two children, *the younger eleven years old*, were arrested in Greenane, Tipperary, I believe with the idea that they knew, or their kindred knew, something about the murders of two policemen. The younger child has been spirited away somewhere, and his parents do not know where he is. Monsignor Ryan, the parish priest, writes that the local school is also watched by the police, and the children followed home from it, so that they are afraid to go at all. I need not say that in this country no child under fourteen can now be imprisoned for any cause whatever, and no boy under sixteen, save on a certificate by a magistrate that he is quite incorrigible. I do not know that this Irish child is even suspected of being other than a possible witness in a murder trial. Yet he is under lock and key somewhere.

I was glad the other day to hear Mr. Temple expound the aims of the movement for "life and liberty" in the Church of England. I found myself wishing the reformers well, as I wish well to any pilgrim out of a world of tyranny and death. I did not gather that the reformers excluded disestablishment. I rather thought that they contemplated disendowment, as well as a sufficiently thorough redistribution of the living fund of the Church. Personally, too, I strongly sympathize with the effort to get rid of the parson's freehold, the abuse which clogs the whole machinery of clerical life, and kills a good deal of its spirituality too. The difficulty is that as Parliament stands, the machinery these gentlemen propose would mean the disappearance even of the shadow of Parliamentary control. I can't see the Church ruled by a Representative Assembly, *plus* a revising body in the shape of the Ecclesiastical Committee of the Privy Council. The House of Commons would either revolt against its suppression, or it would pass the Bills sent on to it without looking at or thinking about them. That seems to me a kind of dim, half-world of government, in which no clear directing hand can be seen, and which must end in Disestablishment. Why not? At least there is Life and Liberty there.

My Irish correspondent writes:—

"More than one of the English newspapers has observed that we have shown no sign of gratitude for the release of the kidnapped men interned in English gaols. Are we to be thankful that no more than two of these men, seized under *lettre de cachet*, have died in the hands of their gaolers and that eighteen have been let free in broken health? Are we to recognise English magnanimity in the escape of De Valera and six colleagues? Instead of bewailing Irish ingratitude it would be more useful to review the futility of this whole episode. These 103 men and women were seized in May, 1918, under pretence of being privy to a German plot in which, as Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cushel, said last Saturday; no just man believes, and of which, according to Lord Wimborne, the Irish Government had no knowledge. They have been since detained without trial had or legal charge formulated. In fact, they were seized to frustrate the anti-conscription movement. In the event,

it was conscription which was frustrated. After the Armistice they were probably detained to cripple Sinn Fein in the approaching elections. If assurance were needed, their detention assured the establishment of Sinn Fein as the authoritative expression of Irish opinion. Sinn Fein, so far from being weakened, has grown in strength; the Irish case, so far from being stifled, has never received more international publicity. Such is the utility of gaols and *lettres de cachet*."

APROPOS of an article that I recently wrote on Abraham Lincoln, I received the other day from Mr. Truman Bartlett, of Boston, a famous student of Lincoln's character and personal appearance, a treasure that I prize far above rubies. This was a collection of Lincoln portraits, and reproductions of Lincoln busts and statues. It included some photographs I have never seen before, including the earliest ever taken. It suggests a trim, handsome, bright-eyed young man, in whom I could trace hardly any kinship with the divine, tender, way-worn features on which I would rather look than on any human face save one. None of the statues do I care for. They do not exhibit the bodily characteristic of Lincoln which Mr. Bartlett explores in his very interesting article in "McClure's Magazine"—namely, his essential grace of attitude. Lincoln's physical and moral simplicity made a wonderful combination in the pose of his limbs. Lean and lank and loose-jointed as he seemed, he stands in every one of the figures and groups in this collection of Mr. Bartlett as beautifully as the bow-stringing Apollo, and makes the surrounding generals (as in the Antietam group) look mere clods in comparison. Such was the attraction of this man.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"DEMOBBED."

"SHOP, please," said the little girl behind the counter; but as nothing happened, she tapped at the glass door leading into the back-parlor, and cried, "Father, you're wanted, please."

A big man appeared through the door, wiping his fingers on his handkerchief, for he was having shrimps "to his tea."

Down this street in Kentish Town he was proudly spoken of as "Mr. Sergeant Colman," for he had lately come home with three chevrons on his arm, and the Mons ribbon on his breast. Now he stood up in a vast suit of "civvies" supplied by his country; but the ribbon was stitched on to the waistcoat, and everyone knew it was there, even when the coat was buttoned.

As he kept a small shop of groceries and sweets, he came in with the look of one about to say, "And what can I do for you, madam?" But it was not a woman nor a customer whom he found. It was a thin little figure in khaki. Official scrutiny came into the Sergeant's eyes at once.

"Please, Sergeant, it's me," said the little figure, scarcely restraining an instinct to salute, as though the Sergeant were an officer.

"Why, blest if it ain't Private Perkins!" cried the Sergeant.

"I said as how it was me," answered the other. But the Sergeant had lifted the flap of the shop counter, and taken the little man's hand, at the same time clapping him with robust vigor on the back.

"Still in it?" he asked.

"No, Sergeant. Demobbed," said the Private.

"Then what have you got them things on for?" asked the Sergeant.

"Month allowed. Warmth," said the other. "And kind of habit."

"Well, come in, and my young woman shall give you your tea," and the Sergeant pulled him through into the back room, as though he were pulling a cleaner through a rifle.

"Very glad, I'm sure," said Mrs. Colman, and poured more hot water into the teapot. "Always glad to welcome the Sergeant's military men."

"And what line are you followin' now?" asked the Sergeant as they settled down.

"Same old Tube," said the Private.

"Now, that's a funny thing."

"What's funny? The Tube ain't."

"I was thinking of a little bit of poetry I was just makin' up," said the Sergeant.

"You hadn't used to make up poetry," the other reflected, rather sadly.

"Got a little leisure now, same as poets, whiles my young woman minds the shop," the Sergeant answered. "You just listen."

Beating time to the syllables on the table, he began in a kind of sing-song:—

"Oh, I've heard the C.O. swearin',
And I've heard the Colonel curse,
And the Captain's words was darin',
And the Sergeant-major's worse."

"You're right," said the Private. "And if you'd been the Sergeant-Major, they'd have been worse still."

Taking no notice of the interruption, the Sergeant continued:—

"And I've felt a kind of Queer-o
When the order came at last,
And the time shoved on to zero,
And the time was shovin' fast."

"Uncommon fast it do shove," said the Private, shaking his head.

"But this is the bit as I said was funny about the Tube," the Sergeant went on:—

"But now my only orders are,
'Please mind the step,' and, 'Pass right down the car.'"

"Now it's you as gives them orders," he went on, "and that's the funny part."

"Yuss," said the other, "but that ain't the only difference."

"No," said the Sergeant, "that ain't the only difference. Look at me! 'Quiet 'ome, no danger, plenty to eat, good wife, two children, and another comin'.'"

"Why can't you let the gentleman get in a word edgeways?" said the woman.

"As I was sayin'," the Sergeant continued, "quiet 'ome, no danger, one-man business, and bed to sleep in. That's the blessed difference."

"And the gratuity to bust," observed the Private, meditatively.

"And, as you say, Bill, the gratuity to bust. I got a bit to bust still, through me savin' of it to last longer."

"He always was a savin' man, was mine," said the wife.

All continued tea in the silence of people contemplating future bliss.

"I been thinkin' on this time last year," the little man suddenly blurted out.

"Same here," said the Sergeant, "though not wishin' to."

"I likes thinkin' on it," said the other. "It were a fearsome time."

"It was that," said the Sergeant. "Who'd have thought this time last year come next week as you and me would be settin' here enjoyin' our teas?"

"Nobody wouldn't have thought it possible without lyin'," the Private replied. "Do you call to mind how they started comin' on? Kill 'em and kill 'em, it weren't no manner of good, same as bugs."

"Captain's head off; Adjutant cut in halves; bits of old Blower mixed up with bits of little Jimmy; whole trench a bloody mash. And this time last year come next week we was in it. Bits of you and me might have been mixed up same as the others, and here we're settin' comfortable."

"Don't be talkin' horrid, you two," said the woman.

"Somehow I kinder likes thinkin' on it, Mrs. Coleman, I do," said the little Private. "That night we was layin' out in a mucky field with never so much as a trench to cover us. And you got some Bully and a tin of Condensed and give us, Sergeant, and where you pinched them sustenances from Gord in Heaven only knows."

"It took some doin'," said the Sergeant modestly, "and me only a Corporal in them days."

"That were up Crosseels way," said the Private, looking at his tea as though he saw a very different scene.

"You're right," said the Sergeant, "and mucky's the word. I think on that muck each time I gets into bed."

"I owes you another debt of gratitood at Crosseels, Sergeant," the little man went on.

"There's many as owes me gratitood, Bill, and there's some as 'll never pay," said the Sergeant, in melancholy reflection.

"Remember that time when we was back at Crosseels again, end of last summer? Drier it were, but mucky still. And you and Bob Williams was in front, and three Fritzes come creepin' out of a hole under the bricks. So you done one, and Bob he done another, and then you calls out 'Wait for Bill!' you calls out. 'It's Bill's turn now,' you calls out. So up I comes and does in the third on 'em. Now that's what I calls playin' fair."

"He was always one to play fair, was mine," said Mrs. Colman, looking at her husband with fond respect.

"All the same as at football. Never knocked a man out unfair in my life. But that's neither here nor there," the Sergeant said, modestly again.

"Well," answered the Private, "it's what I call a debt of gratitood, you givin' me that Boche, and glad I am to have the payin' on it."

"Say no more," said the Sergeant, "it was all in the day's work, that was, and I was only actin' Christian charity, same as what the Padre tells us to."

All smiled, and Mrs. Colman began washing up in the scullery.

"That's a better noise than whizz-bangs and machine-guns," said the sergeant, as the rattle of the crockery came through.

"You're right," said the little man. "I make no doubt you're right. But somehow I can't help but think on the things what you and me has seen. They was various."

"Now, you look here, Bill," said the Sergeant, leaning forward impressively, "don't you begin lookin' around for any more variety, or it'll be the worse for yer. See?"

"Right you are, Sergeant," said the Private, humbly, "I never was one not to do what I was told, albeit you never was the Sergeant-Major yet, and you may thank Gord Almighty for that! But somehow I can't 'elp thinkin' on them times as was so various. Now I hauls people down the lift, and I hauls people up the lift, and I says 'Stand clear of the gates!' I says, and 'Mind the step!' I says, same as in your poetry, and them no more than civvies at the end of it."

"That's better leastways than standin' to and waitin' for the whistle to go over," said the Sergeant.

"I'm not denyin' it, and it's no use repinin'," was the quiet answer. "But for hours I goes up and down in that there lift and I keep thinkin' and thinkin' of things as you and me has seen. You and me, Sergeant; we shan't never see furrin parts no more."

"Well," the Sergeant replied, stretching himself comfortably, "Kentish Town's good enough for the likes of me, and after all, you get a deal of climate on that lift, Bill."

"Shop!" came a little voice from outside the door, and then, "Father, you're wanted, please."

"What can I do for you, my little dear?" asked the Sergeant, going outside to a customer whose head was hardly visible above the counter. "Ha'porth of acid drops? We don't sell ha'porths now, along of the depreciation in the value of coinage. But here's a penn'orth for just the same money. So that's all right."

With his great hands he shook out the sweets upon a piece of paper, and put them into the scale.

"Just look here, Bill," he cried. "See my new patent scales? Each on 'em a tin hat, and they balance all right if you puts a small weight in the left-hand one."

"And where did you raise two tin hats from, Sergeant?" asked the Private as he worked the balance up and down. "You was always a wonder, Sergeant. In another six months it's my belief you'd 'ave been a General, and a good job, too."

"That's as it may be," said the Sergeant, "but thank Gord there wasn't another six months."

"So it's the lift again to-morrow, and nothing various. Not but what it's any good repinin'. And so good-night to you, Sergeant, and more gratitood for your tea, same as for that Boche."

So saying, the little man disappeared into the darkness.

ROBERT SMILLIE.

THERE are only two personalities in the British Trade Union Movement to-day round which legend grows and flourishes. One is Mr. J. H. Thomas; but Mr. Thomas suffers as a legendary figure from making too many speeches for much of him to remain unknown. He is a personality, beyond a doubt; but his force depends upon constant expression. He is a powerful speaker, and an extraordinarily able manager of men; but no one, except perhaps Mr. Garvin, could think of him as a "hero." Robert Smillie counts as the biggest man in the Labor Movement by virtue of just that touch of the "heroic" which Mr. Thomas lacks. He speaks, and speaks well; but his silences count for more than his speech. He has the power of making his presence felt, and exerting his influence, often without doing or saying anything at all. He can do this, not only because, when he does speak, it is usually to the point, but also because his personality can be felt as soon as the man himself is present. During the last five years Robert Smillie has been subjected to constant attack both in the Miners' Federation and in the Labor Movement as a whole. The attack has centred round his attitude in the war, which has been throughout critical and at the same time cautious and constructive. He has aged during these years—indeed who has not?—but he has come out from the fire altogether unscathed. His position as president and representative spokesman of the Miners' Federation has been challenged again and again; but every crisis and every ballot vote has served to confirm his ascendancy. His recent election by an overwhelming majority to the new post of full-time President of the Miners' Federation has confirmed him in a power which will hardly again be seriously questioned.

What manner of man is this leader of the miners who, holding no official position outside his own Federation, has become the real leader of the industrial Labor Movement in this country? He is a Scotsman, and he still lives, on the mere occasions when he is able to be at home, in a small mining town of Lanarkshire. His own town follows an exalted precedent by refusing to see him in a heroic light. He is personally popular at home; but his native constituency has repeatedly rejected him when he has stood for Parliament—much to the gratification of those among his friends who believe that his proper place is in the industrial, rather than the political, movement. He was not a candidate at the recent election, having decided to devote his whole time to the work of the Miners' Federation. Personally, Robert Smillie is at once unassuming and impressive. The newspaper impression of him as "sour" or "dour" is based on a misapprehension. He can be dour and laconic enough when he thinks that there is an attempt to get something out of him against the workers' interests, and the journalist interviewer finds him a hard nut to crack. But, if there is no question of giving away points, he is undoubtedly a very charming man—a good and ready talker, and a willing, if cautious, critic of life. He must be known in order to be appreciated in this second aspect: legend grows rather round his taciturnity. There

is a well-known story of Smillie in the last threatened coal strike, when a highly placed lady, sure of her own powers, determined to end the strike by casting a spell over the miners' President, and getting him to agree to arbitration. It was at dinner at a well-known house, and the lady pegged away at Mr. Smillie throughout the sitting about the disastrous consequence of a strike and the need for a conciliatory temper. All that she elicited was a series of "Ayes."

It must not be imagined, however, that he is always taciturn. He has a temper, and can lose it on occasion. When he has a point to carry, he speaks out straight and strong, and his words carry the more conviction because he has a way of getting what he says he means to get and doing what he says he means to do. He has never been known to do an unfair thing, though he may often have done things that were not wise. He is heart and soul in the Miners' Federation, which, like the Scottish Mine-Workers' Union, which is part of it, has been largely formed and shaped by his efforts. His sense of the dignity, power, and importance of the miners' organization is tremendous, and, when he pronounces the words "Miners' Federation," his very articulation tells his hearers how much he means by them. Indeed, he sometimes goes too far to please his audience. The Trade Union Movement is apt to resent the rule of the big battalions of the Triple Alliance, and the "god-almighty miner" is a phrase which has vogue in Labor circles, and one to which Mr. Smillie's way of speaking occasionally lends color. He has grown up in a small town in which mining is almost the only industry; he has spent his life in building up and consolidating the miners' organization; and it is small wonder if he feels mining problems with far greater intensity than any others.

This does not mean that Robert Smillie is merely narrow or sectional in his outlook. He is not. But he approaches all problems first as a miner, and seems as if he widened his view to take in other things by a conscious effort. That effort, however, he almost always successfully makes. Otherwise he could not feel or retain his commanding position, not only among the miners, but in the whole Trade Union world. He belongs, of course, to the "left wing," quite apart from any questions arising out of the war. He has been, from the beginning, a Socialist, and has played his part in Labor politics without losing his grip of industrial affairs, or his close touch with the rank and file of the Trade Union movement. He is not loved by the old school of Trade Union leaders, because his conception of Trade Unionism is essentially active and constructive, whereas they often desire nothing better than to continue in the old rut. He is thus a man of ideals as well as a patient worker for their accomplishment.

Those observers who knew only of his newspaper reputation have been surprised at his skill and alacrity in cross-examination on the Coal Commission. He has, no doubt, consciously used his chance for purposes of public propaganda. But, in addition, he has shown an amazing power of asking pertinent and searching questions of every witness. This is no novel development. He has long ago built up a great reputation by his work on other Commissions of Inquiry, especially Commissions on great mining disasters such as the Senghenydd inquiry a few years before the war. He has an excellent technical knowledge of mining and mining law, reinforced by the lessons of a long personal experience. His mind is orderly and logical, and he can be relied on not to lose his clearness of head, no matter how difficult the matter in hand. He knows his job thoroughly, and he never allows his propagandist zeal to get the better of his cautious judgment.

The Labor representatives on the Coal Commission form a curious study in personality. Sir Leo Money, eager, excitable, and superficial, talking too much and inclined to play to the gallery; Mr. Tawney, often successfully extracting difficult information because of the apparent carelessness and lack of animosity with which he puts his questions; Mr. Sidney Webb, in his hour of triumph, playing the extremist with admirable spirit; Mr. Herbert Smith, speaking rather seldom, but conveying fully, when he does speak, the massive deter-

mination of the miners; Mr. Hodges, every inch the working-class intellectual of the younger generation; and last, Mr. Smillie, sure of himself, and taking the lion's share in cross-examination. They are a strong team, beside whom the representatives of the owners hardly shine; but among them all, Robert Smillie is obviously the pre-eminent personality.

He is growing old, of course; and often he gives the impression of being ill and tired. For years he has been constantly overworked, endeavoring to deal at once with the affairs of the Scottish miners in Lanarkshire and with those of the Miners' Federation in London. Now he will be fixed permanently to London, and his vigor and power of work should be largely increased. His absences in Scotland have always prevented him from taking the place in the administration of the Labor Movement nationally, which belongs to him by virtue of influence and personality. In future, he will probably play a much bigger part, not only in the affairs of the miners, but in those of Labor as a whole. That he is needed no one can well doubt; the Labor Movement requires above everything the force of a personality strong enough to co-ordinate its isolated groups, and infuse it with a clear vision and a common policy. Mr. Thomas has the personality, but he lacks the vision and the conception of policy: Robert Smillie alone among the leaders of Labor has both. If he is not quite so much a personality as Mr. George Lansbury, nor quite so good an organizer as Mr. Henderson, nor quite so convincing a speaker as Mr. Thomas, he has qualities of insight combined with caution which none of these others possesses. It is this combination, rather than any single and striking pre-eminence, that makes him the leading figure in the world of Labor.

THE MEDICINE MAN.

THE devotees of Progress, who dance their ritual of triumph round the blood-stained altar of Modern Science, must surely begin to feel somewhat abashed in view of the recent influenza epidemics with their appalling casualty lists, in view of the still unchecked scourges of cancer and of phthisis, and in view of a criminal infant mortality rate and the consequent cry for a Governmental saviour in the shape of a Ministry of Health. We have always had the wonders of modern surgery dinned into our ears: and we have noticed that the more wonderful do our surgeons become, the more operations seem to be necessary. We are always hearing of new and elaborate hospitals, models of scientific equipment: and we are always filling them. We are always reading of marvellous new cures and also of marvellous new diseases. The triumphs of modern medicine are bruited noisily abroad: but that old tortoise infirmity seems strangely able to outpace this speedy hare. On the face of it there seems to be something wrong somewhere. We do not ask the Medicine Men to cry aloud and cut themselves with knives that their god may vouchsafe his power more abundantly; anyhow they are far too busy digging their knives into other people. But it might be as well if the optimists of Scientific Hygiene were to absent them from felicity awhile and really consider whether, though Science is in its heaven, all is right with this distempered world.

Naturally the causes of so wide a discontent are various. In the first place the doctors are set an impossible task. The ideal of the medical profession should obviously be to abolish itself: the happy day when the last doctor shall vanish with the last lawyer is admittedly but a dream, for children must be born and broken bones must be set. Yet if the community enjoyed to-day as much health as it has a reasonable right to claim, full half our doctors might be demobilised from their calling. That is not a pleasant prospect for the doctors. Rightly or wrongly they live by the infirmities of others. The average general practitioner is a privateer in industry, often in charge of a one-man business. No pension awaits him, no reparation if he clears his countryside of disease. Lacking security of

tenure he is simply a professional unit in the great competitive system. In ordinary times, when he is under-worked rather than over-driven, looking for patients rather than dreading their arrival, he cannot reasonably be expected to work very heartily for the total abolition of disease, unless he is prepared to go digging in his old age. The struggling general practitioner stands in an odious position. He must play down to his public, cultivate the bedside manner, keep on good terms with the wealthy hypochondriac, pamper the self-indulgent malingerer, and call his bilious clients unfortunate victims of a chill on the stomach rather than stupid gluttons who insist on making their organs attempt the impossible. If his livelihood is precarious, he starves when he offends; and there is no one more easily offended or more profitable to the doctor than the semi-invalid. That is the position of hundreds of medical men when war has not thinned their ranks and when pestilence has not laid the country low. And it is an outrageous position. For it is often the first duty of a doctor to offend.

At present our national service of health, like so many other national services, is in a state of complete muddle. For here we have the Guild without the Socialism and the privacy without the enterprise. In the matter of organization the medical profession is a self-governing corporation with a virtual monopoly of its craft. It may thus be obstructive, and on occasions it is so: the attitude of the orthodox knife-surgeons to the heterodox manipulative surgery was generally held to be churlish and unreasonable. The profession may claim to be saving the public from charlatans, but this it cannot successfully do, since the would-be charlatan can always launch a proprietary patent medicine of his own. But it can stamp out heterodoxy, and this, in the long run, is against the public interest. If we are to have a Medical Industrial Union—and there are strong arguments in favor of it—it is essential that it should not be, as at present, a union of private traders in health: for that, as we saw, led to an intolerable situation.

A public medical service with a guarantee of status and an assured income is one and a possible way out. That this should be bureaucratically administered from Whitehall is undesirable, since the present reputation and popularity of Whitehall are not high. Moreover, the large number of medical men, who have worked under a strictly centralised administration in the R.A.M.C. will probably be only too eager to escape from its clutches. Hence the public recognition and public payment of a self-governing professional organisation may be the more hopeful method. All medical service would then be free to the patient, and presumably the chemists would be brought in as an auxiliary craft section of the Industrial Health Union, so that drugs would be also free on requisition from a doctor. Arrangements could be made for a free choice of doctor by the patient. In country districts free choice very often does not exist under the present system, and a national organization could not guarantee it without paying two men to do the work of one. But in the towns free choice, which is absolutely essential to the smooth and popular working of the scheme might more easily be maintained. The disadvantage of such a measure is the burden it would lay upon the tax-payer; or rather its penalization of the healthy tax-payer. But, considering the terrible handicap in life endured by the unfit, it is not an unfair experiment in equity. And the cost of the whole service would be light in proportion to our present expenditure on bread and doles.

The advantages are that it would give spiritual freedom to the general practitioner. He would no longer be in the position of a tradesman selling his capacity to the best of his ability. He would be able, without fear of losing his income and ruining his children, to tell the truth. No longer need he bother with the rich hypochondriac at the expense of his general work for the public health. The bludgeon of common-sense could be wielded against the deep-rooted conservatism of the multitude, always most marked in their domestic habits. He could speak out more freely on

the subjects of fresh air, cleanliness, exercise, and diet, instead of making tactful suggestions. He could, fears the critic, become a bully; but, when the need is desperate, a potential bully is of more use than a potential sycophant. All this he could do without risk of losing his income. Above all, if the system of remuneration were entirely re-modelled, the wealthy specialist who batters on the West-End might realise that his duties to the community do not begin and end in Mayfair. Is it unduly cynical to suppose that if all operations were performed free there would not be as many operations as there are now, when a large sum of money can be earned in a few minutes? We are not, of course, bringing a general charge against a profession, which contains many of the most public-spirited and honorable men in the community. But it is no use shutting our eyes to the delicate situation in which a surgeon specialist is placed, when, in a case where the value of an operation is doubtful, he knows he can make a hundred guineas by recommending it. The whole practice of paying huge fees to fashionable surgeons has become an abuse, as people of only moderate means are terrorised into these extortionate payments by the fear that "a cheaper man" may blunder. So vital a national service should be cleansed of this ugly strain of commercialism. Under a public medical scheme the men and women who do the really essential depressing drudgery—the general practitioners in industrial districts—the men and women in fact upon whom the general health of the community so obviously depends, would not be financially victimised at the expense of the Panjandrums of Harley Street.

Generally speaking doctors are, with certain noble and notable exceptions, a conservative class. Yet they have no business to be so; for they, more than any other class, must realize the absurdity of trying to make public health where no health is. To prescribe tonics for the "run-down" and send them back to long hours of factory drudgery; to physic the weak of chest and send them back to a fetid slum until phthisis is confirmed; to order good food, warm clothes and a holiday for those who can never afford them; what is this but a very labor of Sisyphus? Yet the medical profession has accommodated itself to modern industrialism, for it is of it. Striving in competition themselves the doctors accept the system and work with it. Remove them from the struggle and guarantee them security, and they would realize their delicate position and tremendous responsibilities as wardens of public health in a community which is a forcing-ground of disease.

The Medicine Man of civilization resembles in many ways the Medicine Man of barbarism. He is regarded by an ignorant public as a master of magic and an alchemist of the elixir; health is looked upon as something that lives in a mysterious bottle, whence it can be summoned by a prescription and a chemist. And the Medicine Man often enough plays his part and maintains the atmosphere of pompous humbug. He writes his prescriptions in a secret language indecipherable by the many; he invents imposing diseases by the simple device of adding—"itis" to the Greek name of the inflamed part, or by turning plain English into doubtful Latin; he assumes, in order to carry confidence, a grand manner of omniscience, although honest physicians occasionally admit to their friends that fifty per cent. of diagnoses are a matter of guess-work; and he talks mysteriously about "something to put you right" instead of telling his patients what drugs he is ordering and how and why they work. After all, the pharmacopœia is not really black magic; all this flapdoodle, for which both parties are responsible, must be swept away. Public health is something far wider and more comprehensive than the adroit use of iron, strychnine, formalin, and purgatives. If man is an organism, then health is not secured by treating the organs in isolation: health is mental and spiritual as well as physical. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is just as true a proverb when reversed. Finally, health is above all, without cant, a social concern; and therefore must be socially won. It will not be won by huge fees, long scientific names, and a general atmosphere of bluff. The public is to

blame for its love of mystery and its fear of plain truth, the doctors for playing down to that love and fear. The goddess Hygeia is no barbaric fiend; but demands only in her service the Hellenic ideal of clean bodies and clear heads. She looks us straight in the face like her comrade Athene: for health, like wisdom, is not all deep mystery, but mainly common-sense.

The Drama.

A YOUNG MAN'S PLAY.

"The Spirit of Parsifal Robinson." By H. F. Rubinstein.

It is the Stage Society's most important function to produce bad plays—not, that is, plays which are simply incompetent attempts to make a small fortune out of the West End theatre, but plays written by young men and women in the state of incoherence induced by an enthusiasm for the drama and an undigested assimilation of modern literature. Such bad plays are often very good fun. As a rule, they have freshness enough to make them bearable, and young authors can only be cozened into coherence by the hard test of production. As the regeneration of the theatre depends on the mercy of young authors it is well to be bold in the matter and to produce such plays as this of Mr. Rubinstein's. The Stage Society has two audiences at its mercy, and can compensate for the excesses of raw youth by the production of old plays that have matured through generations and come up crusted and cobwebbed from the Victorian cellars. The impression left on the mind of Mr. Rubinstein and his audience should be corrected by Ben Jonson or Webster, just as a wise man refers the impression left by a show in Heal's Mansard by a visit to the National Gallery. Of course, upon correction, it is demonstrated that Mr. Rubinstein's play will not do, but it is healthily bad enough to make it worth while to explain at some length why. It is not enough to say that his ideas are undisciplined or that his technique is deficient. The ideas of the young are undisciplined and can only be put in their place by the patient acquirement of technique. That is a matter of years, and a dramatic talent without an audience cannot develop. This is an important point, because if Mr. Rubinstein lost his enthusiasm he could easily acquire the technique necessary for a commercial play, and that would be a pity, for it would mean that his ideas would wither and he would never acquire a real technique.

Mr. Rubinstein's play collapses after the first scene through the simple mistake of introducing his hero in the flesh too abruptly after his very effective appearance in the spirit. Seven persons are gathered together for the reading of Percival Robinson's will, in which he bequeaths them a veracious account of his thought and feeling about them. The effect of this eruption of veracity upon their characters and lives, which should have been the basis of the comedy, is not shown, and instead Mr. Rubinstein races away, trusting entirely to luck and loquacity to pull him through from act to act. His hero has three loves, and not one of them is ever allowed to establish control with the audience. Since he must have someone to talk to, he finds a fourth love, who has no more connection with the plot than that she is engaged to one of the seven legatees of the veracious will. This extravagance springs directly from the mistake which broke the back of the first act, and the third is, consequently, in the air. A dramatist can break every rule of dramatizing, but he cannot defy the logic of his own idea. Intellectually, of course, Mr. Rubinstein has not defied it, but dramatically he has, and in production it is the dramatic process that counts. A playwright whose logic is intellectual has an audience of one—himself, who, such is the vanity of authorship, is reduced to talking through his characters in the attempt to convince the actual audience that he has done what he set out to do—namely, to capture their collective

imagination. It is to this that Mr. Rubinstein is reduced in his last act when he descends from intellectual fame to psycho-analysis.

Even at its worst, however, the play has freshness and liveliness, strokes of wit, erratic gusts of invention, and a feeling for character which, for lack of dramatic structure, is all lavished on the hero who protests that the other persons are this and this, but never has the satisfaction of having it borne out in action. It is the elementary business of a dramatist to give his audience a hint that such and such things are going to happen, and then to show them happening. Miss Rubinstein being young and in a hurry, crams everything into the first ten minutes, and after that has nothing left, and everything seems irrelevant—the Jews and Jewesses, the saintlike spiritualist who has a trance in the last Act, a very awkward goddess in the machine, the marriage of Albert Potter, the overscrupulous acceptance by Robinson of Lucia's proposal: irrelevance, *longueurs*, but never tedium, though the acting was indifferent, and Mr. Laurence Harvey made the poetic Civil Servant more contemptible than gentle, and Miss Athene Leyle struggled in vain to convey to the audience the sincere conception of her part at which she had arrived.

It used to be the fashion for dramatic critics to be funny about plays that made one brief passing appearance on the stage. It was a bad old fashion, for a play that is bad through incompetence should be ignored. A play like this "Parsifal Robinson" should be produced, and should be criticized most carefully because it contains a dramatic idea dramatically conceived, but lamentably executed, and chiefly because until good-humored experiment becomes possible, young authors have to work in a stifling void, without hope and without encouragement; faced, anyhow, with a long apprenticeship which it should be the function of such organizations as the Stage Society to mitigate.

GILBERT CANNAN.

Short Studies.

IN HOSPITAL.

WE are, all of us, the shadows of a war which has become a topic of casual conversation; a curious sense of absurdity possesses us and intensifies the general feeling of tragic stupidity that has brought about our present helpless condition.

Two Chinamen, members of the Chinese Labor Corps, lie opposite in a corner; they have contracted bad chest troubles owing to exposure in a climate which is new to them. They cough incessantly. These two Orientals have travelled thousands of miles to labor in France for one franc a day! It is a fascinating mental exercise to lie in bed and fit them into the monstrous jig-saw puzzle of modern times. They do not learn much English, their one intelligible phrase being a pessimistic "No b—y goodeela."

Next to the Chinese lie three German soldiers who suffer with frost-bitten feet and debility. They glance occasionally at the Chinamen with an amused expression, and are not above borrowing matches or cigarettes. Several other Germans with minor ailments are utilized by the R.A.M.C. as orderlies. They make the beds, tuck up the Chinamen; bring hot water for the English patients, and are very popular in the Hospital.

There are also two South African soldiers in the same ward, and these speak German fluently, acting as interpreters between the English and German patients. It is an extraordinary atmosphere; one fears for peace and quiet in such a ward, but racial feelings seem to have entirely evaporated. It is impossible to detect any emotion that might conceivably have arisen from the violence of war. The Germans are quite oblivious of "defeat"; the English are equally unconscious of "victory." These two things that have provided a livid background for the civilian Press have no real existence here. A Prussian Guardsman posts one's

letters with great care and obvious sympathy. We are all home-sick men, weary of life under military conditions. Our idea of the war resolves itself into an irritating sense of unreality and blank futility, and one is inclined to doubt whether there ever was a war. Is it possible that the friendly German soldier who arranges my blankets so carefully—is it possible that he and I have been doing our utmost to destroy each other? It is incredible! Illusion torments the mind until life becomes an idiotic medley of insane angles. There is no sane basis in things; it is impossible to arrange the present conditions of life in a logical sequence, and there is no mental satisfaction to be derived from analysing our present position in relation to the war.

The Prussian Guardsman wishes to wash the towels of those patients who lie helpless in bed, and he washes them better than a woman!

The scene in the ward at night is too stupefying for anything, save lumps in the throat. A few Germans will sit on the end of our beds, and, by the aid of the South Africans, carry on a conversation about the future. No bitter words are spoken; no angry thoughts are expressed; cigarettes are exchanged, and the dimly-lighted ward seems to sanctify the brotherhood of men who were a few months ago legalized "enemies." One and all are moved by the same hatred of military life; one and all peer mentally into a future which shall contain no such insanity as war.

A London newspaper, sensational with war scares, finds its way into the peaceful ward; one can only smile at the frantic headlines; one can only despise the civilian brains that will not understand.

A. F. T.

France.

Letters from Abroad.

THE STARVATION OF AUSTRIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Starvation is a relative term, which one can hardly use without some degree of untruth. In some minds it stimulates an instant flow of pity; in others it erects a barrier of scepticism. At the risk of giving some tedious details, I would like to tell your readers exactly how far it applies to Austria to-day. I have seen only Vienna; I gather, however, that the rural districts, as one would expect, are much less afflicted; some other towns, however, notably Linz and the industrial centres of German Bohemia, are said to be in an even worse case. The broad facts are these. The bread ration is now a half-kilo weekly, or about 1½ lbs. As we get it in our hotel it amounts daily to three slices of the small Viennese loaf, or about one moderately thick slice of an ordinary English loaf. Milk, butter, and cheese are in my own experience entirely unobtainable even in the best hotel. They may be got, I am told, with large bribes at famine prices. Potatoes one can occasionally get in a good hotel, but for the working class they have totally disappeared. Meat, in small quantities, can be got by the general public once a week and no oftener. There remain, as the only general foods, green vegetables, which contain next to no nourishment, carrots and other roots which have some nourishment, and pulses (lentils and beans) which are highly nutritive, but lack fat.

What can be done in practice with this *menu* by the average working-class family? Literal starvation, in this city, which is even shorter of coal than of food, would have been the general fate had it not been for the public kitchens. I watched the distribution at one of these to-day. The queue had been standing for two hours when I arrived, and still there were from three to four hundred waiting to be served. Most of them were more or less ragged: all were in very old clothes. What struck me most about them was the contrast between the personal cleanliness and tidiness of the women and the poverty of their attire. A woman who had done up her hair with an elaboration which we in England would think coquettish and excessive, would be

wearing a shawl or a pair of boots in the last stages of decomposition. The raggedness, I concluded, proceeds not from lack of care or self-respect, but from sheer penury. Some ate their portions at tables; the majority carried them home. The meal consisted of one plate of soup without bread. The choice lay between a cabbage soup or a soup of mixed vegetables. Both were almost wholly lacking in fat. A strange looking thing called meat was added. It was in fact a sort of rissole, which looked like meat in the sense that it was solid and brown. The proportion of meat in it would not have soiled the conscience of a vegetarian. A single portion of this dish cost 1.20 crowns [The crown is nominally worth a franc, at present rates it is about 3d.], a double portion, twice as much (8d.), served out once a day, with a slice of bread in the morning. I suppose this portion would just keep a man alive, if he were reasonably idle. In point of fact most of these dinners went home, which meant that one portion, single or double, was the day's food for a family of several persons. The Sunday dinner, which consisted of real meat (probably horse) was much less satisfying, and much more expensive. I examined a portion carefully. It consisted of a small chunk of something that had the smell of beef, between one-sixth and a quarter of a pound, with a generous allowance of gravy, and one dumpling of coarse meal made up to resemble a potato. It would have made a frugal lunch for a small and idle man. The portion that I saw was destined to be the entire dinner of one man and three boys. Its cost was 4.60 crowns (about 152d.).

That is the diet of those workers who can still pay. There is a free distribution from soup kitchens to those who are wholly destitute. This free soup is doled out in half-litres, without meat or bread, and as the cook sadly confessed to me, there is no fat in it at all. On cabbage days it must be nearly valueless as nourishment; on haricot days it should be sustaining. It is, however, for most of these people their only hot meal in the twenty-four hours. I stood and talked to a group of boys who survived upon it. All of them had that terribly white transparent skin which means severe anæmia. All of them were wearing men's discarded boots tied together with string. I made them show me the soles. All of them were in pulp. One only of the four had reasonably warm clothes (it was ten degrees below zero three nights ago), and that was because he had luckily obtained an old infantry uniform which hung about him like a drooping flag on a pole. Some figures appeared in the "Daily News" before I left England, which showed how far the average weight and height of the Viennese elementary school child is now below the normal. The figures were eloquent. Clothe this slight creature in rags, under which peeps out the ashen-white skin tightly stretched over the bones, and you may see the child of the Viennese working quarters. They live still, chiefly because they possess the tradition of this once gay city, which jokes as it tightens its belt. As I turned away, the boys began to laugh at some private joke of their own. "Well, what is it?" I asked. "Wir sind Wiener Kinder" was the answer of the brightest of them. They cultivate laughter on a very little oatmeal.

To measure this Austrian food problem one must recollect that it has been nearly as severe as it is now for at least a year. What is new is the almost total lack of coal, and the sudden aggravation of unemployment. German-Austria is, since the crash, a little island of poor, mountainous pastoral country, which can get its supplies only across hostile frontiers. At first the Tchechs held up its coal and now the Italians—how shall I put it?—do not forward it. Food comes in, and the means to transport it are lacking. Thirty full trains of food are waiting to-day in the Vienna sidings to go out into the provinces, waiting because no coal for the engines arrives by the railways, which the Italians control. The unemployed are, of course, chiefly demobilised soldiers and discharged munition hands. The former are weary and demoralised and by no means anxious to work, but the critic who makes that charge (probably a true one) will admit in the next breath that there is no work to be had. There are now 97,000

unemployed workers in Vienna alone, which means nearly one idle head of a household in four. The unemployed are entitled to 6 crowns (156d.) a day, with a crown for each dependant, but by no means always receive it. Such doles can be paid only by printing money, and in point of fact even the Socialists intend, or say that they intend, to stop them on March 31st.

What then? Without coal and without raw material, how can industry revive? The small peasantry of the Tyrol has lost the labor of the Russian prisoners, whom it treated remarkably well. In some of its communes one-third and no more of the crack Tyrolean regiments have come back alive. The textile factories have no cotton or wool. The iron-mines of Styria have no coal. The rather miscellaneous workshops of Vienna, chiefly metal-shops, have neither iron nor coal. Markets? An optimistic official in the once majestic and now deserted Ball-Platz, said to-day that, even now, Austria could defy competitors in the Balkans. I doubt if the Balkans are much better able to buy than Vienna is to sell, but in any case, the blockade shuts every door and road.

I refrain from hoisting the Bolshevik scarecrow. Several of the rank-and-file of the Socialist workers whom I met in the committee rooms told me in whispers during yesterday's election that something very desperate will happen in a certain event. Frankly, I do not believe it. "Germany," as an able soldier said to me to-day, "is a horse that is lying on its back and kicking hard: Austria is a horse that is lying flat on its side." In Hungary, however, the risk of a Spartacus outbreak is said to be imminent, and if Budapest begins to burn, Vienna and even Prague may catch fire. The question, as I see it, is one of simple humanity. For the moment German-Austria is patient and tranquil, and she has contrived to carry out the most orderly, rational and democratic general election that I have ever seen. The fact that concerns us is, that she is nearing hopeless privation. If the Italians insist on their demand for locomotives and waggons, she will be helpless in a few weeks.

The ultimate solution of the Viennese problem involves politics. German-Austria cannot survive alone. The election is a vote for union with Germany. The only other conceivable alternative is the Danubian Confederation, and for my part I can understand the feeling of the Viennese, that they dare not trust themselves in marriage with victorious Tchecho-Slovaks. Apart from politics, however, there are certain transitional measures which dare not be delayed. The first of them is the creation of some provisional central authority. France commands in Hungary, Italy in German-Austria, while Tchecho-Slovakia and the South Slav country are also distinct zones. There is no one to mediate, no one to re-establish a *modus vivendi*. Worse still, Paris talks, and sends out one commissioner after another. But the commissioners arrive with no clear mandate or definite instructions, and the best intentions and the best advice of humane and able men are frustrated by the indecision at the centre. We are now in the fourth month since the surrender, and the food problem has only just reached the stage of a promise to keep up the present exiguous ration of grain. For meat and fats there is no prospect. The coal difficulty is no nearer a solution. Of raw materials no one speaks. Lastly, and most urgent of all, is the question of the blockade. Every day we read here, in one or another of the German or Austrian papers, some hopeful rumor that Mr. Wilson, still the German synonym for humanity, means to lift the embargo. Even if a general decision were taken, it would be worthless, until a strong local International Commission had actually driven roads through Tchech and Serb, Roumanian and (dare I add?) Italian obstruction. I doubt, moreover, whether even the most necessary raw materials would begin to flow, until the Allies guaranteed a loan. Paris, we are told, is discussing not loans but indemnities. One might as well levy an indemnity on the inhabitants of a workhouse.

I have tried, Sir, to recite bare facts. I will venture to end with a prediction. Unless, in this

constructive sense, the blockade is effectively raised before another month is out, Central Europe will be economically and politically a desert of despair. One Russia is enough.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Vienna. February 17th, 1919.

P.S.—May I supplement my communication of last week on the condition of Vienna with some statistics which the medical authorities have kindly given me? They are evidently compiled with the utmost care, but most of them stop short at the end of 1917. The figures for last year would certainly be very much worse. I give the nearest round number.

The number of children born alive in Vienna fell from 36,000 in 1914, to 19,000 in 1917. The excess of births over deaths in 1914 was 10,000, while the excess of deaths over births in 1917 was 20,000.

Deaths over the age of five years rose in the same period from 5,000 to 35,000. The mortality between 50 and 70 years rose from 8,000 to 13,000, and over the age of 70 from 5,000 to 9,000. The old succumb at once to the least touch of disease.

Below five years the mortality is normal owing to the care taken to reserve all the milk available for infants. The daily supply of milk has, however, fallen for Vienna in the ratio of 40 to 1.

The result of the decrease in fats in the diet of Vienna is seen in the increase of deaths from tuberculosis, which rose in 1917 as compared with 1914, from 6,300 to 11,800.

Fats supplied by the American Commission are now arriving, and the ration will be raised from 40 to 60 grams, but this will only give in one week what physiologists consider to be necessary for a single day.

I have before me one specimen of the vital statistics of 1918. It is from Warnsdorf, a factory town in German Bohemia with 22,000 inhabitants. The births for the year numbered only 139; the deaths were 692, including 80 from tuberculosis and 83 from the now common but once almost unknown disease called in German Hungerödém.

To complete these statistical data of starvation, I may add from the official bulletin of the German-Austrian Ministry of Health (February 9th) some typical figures which measure the rise in prices in Vienna. The figures are in Kronen and Heller, and refer to kilograms, unless otherwise stated. They compare the pre-war price with that ruling in September, 1918.

Flour ...	0.34	2.70 to 26.0
Sugar ...	1.04	1.60 to 24.0
Butter ...	4.20	25.0 to 70.0
Beef ...	3.0	20.0
Sausage ...	2.50	28.0 to 60.0
Bread (loaf) ...	0.46	1.0 to 1.56
Potatoes ...	0.12	1.20
Milk (litre) ...	0.34	1.20
Egg (one) ...	0.07	1.20
Cheese ...	8.0	35.0
Men's Clothing ...	100.0	1,000.0
Women's Clothing ...	200.0	2,000.0
Boots ...	20.0	200.0
Coal (zentner) ...	2.04	9.10
Soap ...	100.0	500.0

Many of these prices have risen further in the intervening four months.

These figures speak for themselves, and they mean that not a week dare be lost in pouring in supplies. The worst news of all is that typhus (a hunger disease) is moving rapidly south and west from Russia through Poland.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Vienna. February 19th, 1919.

Communications.

WHY BOLSHEVISM SPREADS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The international meeting at Berne did not only discuss certain subjects of high political interest and pass a few resolutions for the guidance of Paris, it performed

several other important functions, not the least of which was an exchange of opinion and information between the leaders of the Socialist movement in Europe. And it must be remembered that Socialism is no longer a critical anti-Government creed, but a body of doctrine which is represented in, or is actually in control of, the Governments of Russia and the whole of Central Europe.

The first thing one tried to discover at Berne was in what frame of mind were those leaders; and I can write of that without hesitation. They were gloomy. They saw nothing but trouble ahead. They agreed that the war had been over-fought, that it had not only shaken the airier structures of society, crowns and thrones, but had cracked the very foundations, and that therefore the democracies which had raised themselves rested on insecure bases. Their view was that if the Allies, immediately military operations ceased, had bent their energies to secure the foundations of order upon which a speedy European settlement must stand, the task would have been difficult; but, as they had turned away, leaving Europe to go through the sequels to the great earthquake, as best it could, the position had become increasingly worse since the Armistice. On the one hand; the reaction, profiting by the inability of the Governments to do anything but suppress disorder by the precarious obedience of an almost independent soldiery, was finding abundant opportunity to rally itself; and, on the other hand, the more anarchistic Left, finding a steady reinforcement of unsettlement and violence nourished by the continuation of the blockade and the uncertainty as to the terms of peace, kept surging up, now here and now there, thrown back, but never suppressed, widening its influence all the time, and steadily sapping the prestige of every Government.

Indeed, I gathered that these men were not much more than helpless spectators of the tidal wave which swept up after the cataclysm of the war, and that they knew perfectly well that such was their impotent position. They were all men of firm grip upon facts. Extreme (so they would be called) in opinions, they were moderate in methods, but they admitted, quite candidly, that all movements were being divided into Rights and Lefts, with no middles. The Girondins were being hustled off the stage or into extreme action on one side or the other. One of them put it to me: "There is no middle course between reaction and Bolshevism"; another, "I am not a militarist nationalist and not a Bolshevik, and so I can but look on and wait, doing small, but I hope necessary, things in the meantime."

None of these men had any complaints to make because they were to suffer for the sins of their old Governments; none of them went out of their way to excuse these Governments. On the contrary, they joined in condemning them. Some of the punishments that we were to mete out to them—like the break-up of Austria, the restoration of Poland, and the detachment of Alsace and Lorraine from Germany—they welcomed. These things were on some of their programmes before the war. The Right of the German Socialists objected to the complete loss of their Colonies; the Left did not care a button about it; all regarded it as an inevitable capitalist consequence. But they could not understand why the Central Democracies, contrary to President Wilson's pledges, they said, were treated no better than Imperial Governments would be treated. They had no doubt of the reality and genuineness of the revolution, and the lack of response on the part of the Allies astounded and confused them. They could not understand it, and we failed to get them to understand it. I am afraid they simply put it down to a determination on the part of the Allies to settle the war on principles of conquest, and this will have a tremendous influence on the future policy of these democracies.

The delay in settling the preliminaries of peace was their chief concern. They had assumed that Paris would get into touch with their political authorities as speedily as possible. They read into the delay a continued enmity, a deliberate desire to continue the starvation of their people and to make government impossible, and so every now and again I thought I detected a growing bitterness in their minds. Ishmael was beginning to show the thoughts of the Ishmaelite. "I opposed the Brest-Litovsk Treaty," said one, "and I shall oppose a second one of the same kind." This one had made up his mind as to his policy. He would oppose his Government signing any such agreement. He would tell the Allies to do their worst, to occupy Germany

and become responsible for its order; he would leave the armies of the Allies face to face with the German population. Others had other plans, but all agreed that a peace which they considered unjust, forced upon them as Brest-Litovsk was forced upon Russia, would not be binding upon them, and would have to be followed by a diplomacy aimed at its rectification. I found amongst people from neutral countries very much sympathy for this view, and a disposition to regard Germany and Austria as martyrs. The tales of suffering that were prevalent in Berne were having considerable effect on people's minds, and a well-marked anti-Allied sentiment was growing up even amongst those who had been faithful to Allied interests during the war.

Those who disagreed upon what policy should be pursued in the event of a Brest-Litovsk Treaty, agreed, however, that it was not at all improbable that when the time came for making peace no representatives and responsible Government would be in existence to sign it. That was not owing to the condition of Germany as the result of the war, but to what has happened since. No one thought much of Scheidemann, but they all said it would have taken a very much bigger man—a Bebel or a Jaurès—to retain any respect during these months of futility and ineffectiveness, when the Government was kept powerless and the people experienced nothing but their descent to famine. The German elections gave the people something to do, and, being otherwise disengaged, they did it. But they voted for no clear purpose. It was "passing the time." There was no alternative Government, no alternative policies. But no one cared anything about Weimar. It was like asking a man who was disturbed about his immediate financial position to take an interest in making plans for next year. Scheidemann and his Government become a kind of freak for whom people lose respect. He is left to quell riots and revolutions, and his failure will bring up no one who can fill his place with effectiveness. He is driven more and more to the Right, he is forced more and more off the road upon which he would naturally walk, and when he goes he will have been overwhelmed by a sea and not ousted by a rival party. None of the leaders at Berne liked these prospects, but had they been religious men they would have made their comments in the form of some creed which would lay it down that if Paris is foolish the laws of creation punish its folly.

Bolshevism was clouding all their minds, but again they blamed the Allies and their policy for its spread. But they took a severely intellectual view of this phenomenon, and in order that I might discuss it profitably with them, I had to master a literature which has already grown to some volume, especially in its pamphlet form, which has been excluded from this country, but which is procurable in Berne.

This is the problem of Bolshevism as it is seen in Europe. Bolshevism is both a political and a social manifestation. On its political side it restates Labor political policy in a totally new way—though, as a matter of fact, it is a way which Russians have been considering for some years. On its social side, it aims at Socialism, though nearly every Socialist leader in Europe rejects it—Berne did, quite decisively—as a method. Parliaments have become cheapened; democratic voting has got into bad odour because every intelligent person knows what trivial things frequently influence it and what worthless opinion often controls it. The war had made revolutions, and yet it was doubtful if mass voting would maintain them. The workmen of active intelligence were, therefore, ready to listen to some new doctrine of State authority. For a generation following Marx, they had been accustomed to consider that when the revolution did come a few would have to control it, but all that was theoretical. Suddenly, Lenin strikes, and immediately the workers in the war-racked countries become keenly interested. This is a Government of audacity which acts, which overthrows, which knows nobody but the worker, which chastises the parasites with scorpions. True, it is not the rule of the democracy, and not even the rule of the working class. It is "the tyranny of the organized nerve-centres of the working-class." But that presents no terrors. These men have always known that the mass has to be controlled, and that it never moves itself. Indifferent work-people, officials interested in the *status quo* and an easy life, parliamentary parties burdened like Atlas and blind like Samson—these are not the controlling powers in times of revolution. Moreover, when one comes to think about it,

this "tyranny of the minority" is only a transformation and not a new principle in Government. The change is only that one kind of minority has taken the place of another, and the only difference is that the methods by which the one supports itself are different from those appropriate to the other. A quiet, cultured professor, with a very objective mind, put the point to me in this way. All that majorities ever do is to register what influence minorities have upon them. Capitalist minorities work through the Press, through economic pressure, through Government Departments, through the schools, and so on. The State to-day is the Capitalist minority in power. The Revolution is to put the working-class minority in power. It is not always to be a minority in appearance, however, because once it establishes itself, it is to gather that acquiescence for itself which will give it the sanction of the majority. Thus, Dumas and Constituent Assemblies are put on one side—but only for a time. A majority declared now will be that of the Capitalist minority, but when the Revolution is complete—and only then—it will be the majority of the working-class minority. Then "the dictatorship of the proletariat" will have ended and its revolutionary gains made secure by democracy.

This is the kind of thought which starvation, unemployment, continued blockades, is making popular in Europe, and it is gathering to itself a kind of pseudo-scientific argument which is destroying all old conceptions of government, of social functions, of communal co-operation. The disfranchisement of parasites, the graded claims of worker and non-worker in times of famine, the specializing of the powers of government, and the stripping from majority rule of those myths which hide its support were regarded by the Socialist leaders at Berne as no temporary aberrations. They were revolutions in thought which would persist and spread, and were not merely moods of self-will and violence which would cool down. They were the revolt of the impatient intelligence of Democracy against its mass, for we were assured that the leaders of the new movement were men of active intelligence and conspicuous ability. The men we met would have been only too glad were this phenomenon a mere riotousness of "the rascal people." One and all, they agreed that if the Soviet and the disfranchisement of the non-worker were not to continue to be matters of hot dispute and revolutionary trouble in Europe, if they were not to become a sort of international test of the revolutionary spirit and the bonds of international action of an aggressive kind—a League of Soviet Nations against the world—every effort should now be made to give authority and dignity to representative democracy. But they saw no signs of that in Central Europe, and so they talked of further dissolution, of assassination and reigns of terror, and of prolonged unsettlement. Everything that has happened since I had these talks has been like illustrative comment in support of the views that were expressed.

This pessimism will not be lifted off the minds of people till peace is signed, and until the war emotions and fears have given place to healthier inspirations and thoughts. But at Berne, no one would speak much of that future. The lifting of the blockade and the signing of peace were like a curtain beyond which no one seemed to have either the interest or an audacity to peer.—Yours, &c.,

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

Letters to the Editor.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS: THE EQUALIZATION OF SACRIFICE.

SIR,—Though our opinions on public matters are often different, the candor of mind with which you have often shown yourself ready to consider an opponent's argument induces me to lay before you, in a persuasive form, the principles on which the present treatment of Conscientious Objectors is based. Modesty or preoccupation has prevented the Government from making these principles clear to the average citizen, who has consequently at times failed to appreciate a very beautiful and consistent piece of policy.

For example: it is well known that at the present time there is (1) a great demand for various sorts of skilled labor; and (2) numbers of men exactly qualified for the work, and anxious to undertake it, who are kept uselessly in prisons or prison-camps. Fighting is over; and the men are not wanted for the Army; so that shallow critics have wondered why the Government chooses to hamper industry by wantonly preventing willing men

from working. The answer is, that even if no discharged soldiers in this country are willing or able to do the work in question, still there may be in the Army of the Rhine or on the Murman Coast a soldier who might wish on his return to have a try at it. And the Conscientious Objector must not be given an advantage over any soldier. That is the root principle from which the whole policy follows: Equalization of Sacrifice.

And first, I know there is much sympathy felt for one class of Objector—I mean the make-believe Objector—whose conscience is really as inoffensive as yours or mine, and who has merely used his ingenuity—perhaps in a playful way—to avoid the pains of military service. I do not entirely defend these men; but their error is a very human error, and many of them have come through with great cleverness and success. Their place is not prison, and, as a matter of fact, practically none of them have ever been to prison. They would be wasted in prison. Their place is in the House of Commons.

But real conscience, however picturesque, is a thing which, in an ordered society, simply cannot be tolerated. It provokes the subjects of the state to disobedience. And worse, it always provokes them just at those awkward moments when a Government is most open to criticism, and consequently has the greatest need of loyal support. I would ask those who talk sentimentally about the "rights of conscience" just to imagine what would happen if a Home Secretary developed a conscience, or, more absurd still, a Government Whip in charge of information.

But to proceed to the problem of equalization of sacrifice. First, how long ought the Conscientious Objector to be kept in prison now that we have been so fortunate as to get them there? The answer is clear: as long as conscription lasts. One of the minor merits of Mr. Churchill's admirable proposal is that it solves the Conscientious Objector problem. They stay in prison just so long as any loyal citizen is liable to be taken for the Army.

But this rule has certain corollaries. For one thing, it would be manifestly unjust if the Conscientious were exempted, while in prison, from what I may call the healthy rough-and-tumble which makes our soldiers what they are. A certain good-humored habit of punching, kicking, ducking, and the like has been found to produce good results. There is now in circulation a most appreciative first-hand account of the treatment administered to C.O.s by the present Governor of Wandsworth Prison, who has entered admirably into the spirit of the Government policy. It seems a small thing, but always to address the C.O.s as "bloody swine" just puts matters on the right soldierly footing.

Secondly, I think the Government was probably right—though strongly opposed by such advisers as Mr. Bottomley and Lord Charnwood—in arranging to let out of prison men who were permanently disabled by disease, blind, or in imminent danger of death. They are in the same position as discharged soldiers, and I am assured by those who are best informed that the error of letting a man out too soon has seldom or never been made. The Government and its employés are most anxious that, if any mistake should occur, it shall be a mistake on the right side.

But, thirdly, there is one point in which I think the present practice might be, I will not say softened, but made more flexible. Soldiers are discharged not merely for incurable sickness, but also for wounds; and the C.O.s are seldom or never seriously wounded. A good many have been blinded by their prison treatment; fifty-four I think is the number. But none of them have their legs or arms removed, none are shot, few have even had a bone broken. Now, what I would propose is this: that, as a further concession to the O.O.s, it be laid down that any C.O. who is so maimed in body as to be no more use in prison and quite incapable of "taking another man's job" outside, should be unconditionally released. This act of mercy would not be dangerous, and would be an eloquent testimony to the high idealism of our people. Then we could, with great national advantage, proceed to maim them.

Think how it would add to the zest of our O.T.C. battalions and cadets to have amid their exercises just a slight touch, now and again, of "the real thing!" A rifle range is quite feasible where, instead of a target a C.O. would be arranged so as to expose for short recurring periods his leg, or arm, or trunk. A quite small number of C.O.s, economically treated, would last a long time. The range was long and the time of exposure brief. This bayonet practice—though in this it would be necessary perhaps, on grounds of economy, to avoid the vital spots. Think, above all, of bombing practice, with, perhaps, several dummies and one or two live C.O.s who had already been nearly used up on the rifle range.

And every detail of this programme, attractive and beneficent as it is, can be justified without further discussion by the simple and solid principle of the equalization of sacrifice. It is surely an inspiring thought that in the building of that New World to which Mr. Ben Tillett and General Page Croft so eloquently beckon us, a part may be played by all British subjects, both black and white, even by the unwilling and the unworthy.—Yours, &c.,

ABOVE PARTY.

P.S.—If I have laid too much stress on the need for economy, of course there are the German prisoners.

"A BUDGET OF 1,200 MILLIONS."

SIR,—In your interesting article on the above subject, you state that the Government may have the effrontery to "put to the revenue of the coming year the whole of the receipts from the disposals of National factories and other forms of war property, instead of applying them, as honest book-keeping

would require, to a sinking fund for the extinction of the war debt." I quite agree that this is what the Government will try to do, and that there is no hope of economy, or sound finance, to be expected from the present administration.

But, may I point out, that the Government can only carry out the above action with the sanction of the House of Commons? I beg to submit that the moneys derived from the sale of these factories ought to be surrendered to the Treasury by the Departments concerned, and can only be spent if authorised by a Supplementary Estimate, or otherwise by the House of Commons. So long as a deficit continues it would certainly be sounder finance to use these moneys to finance such a deficit than to apply them for the extinction of debt, and be compelled to borrow afresh, unless the borrowing could be done at a lower cost to the State than the present debt charge, or, better still, if sufficient taxation could be imposed to get rid of the deficit. The principal point, in the meantime, is for the House of Commons to retain the control of the expenditure, and to insist on an account being furnished to it for all moneys thus received before sanctioning their future use.—Yours, &c.,

March 10th, 1919.

D. M. MASON.

THE DOCTOR IN WAR.

SIR,—A book review seldom contains a direct appeal for controversy. But as "H. R." in reviewing Dr. Woods Hutchinson's book bearing the above title, specifically challenges anti-vaccinators (meaning those who object to inoculation), I trust you will allow me to respond.

Dr. Hutchinson's first "triumph" appears to be the comparison between typhoid in the Boer War and in the Spanish-American War on the one hand, and in the great European War on the other. Now, conditions in both the first-named wars, especially as to drinking water, was admittedly bad. I have heard Dr. Hutchinson himself, in a lecture, admit that the sanitary improvements of the Russo-Japanese War were lacking in the Boer War, although it was later in date. The first credit is always given to the Japanese, even by Dr. Hutchinson himself; but he does not point to the all-important fact that the Japanese during their war with Russia which set the fashion of making illness less serious than wounds refused to allow inoculation.

In giving the figures for typhoid on the British Western front as 2,000, Dr. Hutchinson omits to say (or his reviewer does) that there were double that number of "paratyphoid" cases, besides other distinctions unknown in the earlier wars. Moreover, even the figure 2,000 is inaccurate. Up to November, 1917, there had been 2,321 cases labelled "typhoid" itself, after all the other varieties had been sorted out.

Turning to the French and German Armies, Dr. Hutchinson accounts for the fact that they "suffered heavily" from typhoid during the first year of the war by alleging that at that time less than 10 per cent. of them had been inoculated. The public has a short memory, and this fact enables your reviewer, by accepting everything set down in the book under his hand as absolute, undisputed truth, to enjoy himself at the expense of "amusing" critics. How does Dr. Hutchinson know so much about the German Army? At any rate, so early as February 3rd, 1915, the "Times" declared that "all (German) soldiers are compelled to be inoculated against typhoid and cholera," while as to the French Army, the "Lancet" of a still earlier date (December 19th, 1914), stated that "anti-typhoid inoculation has been compulsory in the French Army since last March."

The simple fact is that, as time went on, early mistakes in sanitation were rectified, and typhoid tended to disappear in all the armies accordingly. But whenever sanitation again failed—as in Gallipoli and Mesopotamia—inoculation proved a broken reed to rely upon, and there was an enormous toll of preventable sickness.

As to Listerism and Carrelism, Dr. Hutchinson has written as a partisan. Many surgeons at the front, including Sir Almroth Wright, have denounced and discarded Listerism, while others have found that their cases did equally well with simple water bathing as with the cumbersome technique of Carrel. To allege that all the surgeons have been "converted" to these things is simple nonsense.

It is impossible not to see in "H. R.'s" rhapsodies the hand of a partisan reviewer of a partisan book.—Yours, &c.,

BEATRICE E. KIDD,

Secretary, British Union for Abolition of
Vivisection, 32, Charing Cross, S.W.

March 6th, 1919.

STAGE DEPORTMENT.

SIR,—When, a few weeks ago, I went to see "Twelfth Night" at the Court Theatre, I was a little amused at the note of modern self-sufficiency introduced by Miss Leah Bateman into what was in many ways a beautiful performance. To see Viola jauntily nodding her own thanks to the musicians for "The food of love" supplied to the Duke, and Viola in the final scene seating herself at Olivia's home with an "after-me-the-deluge" expression, to watch the anxious unravelling of her hostess's tangle, was so alien to the humble little pseudo-page. Then I went to the Art Theatre's production of "The Beaux' Stratagem." In vain I looked for the Beaux. There were two rather ponderous young men, one of them extremely mannered, who wore their clothes awkwardly, had no air, no grace. In one scene two ladies of the house conversed with their own manservant and one of the aforementioned gentlemen, who was disguised as a servant. The mistresses stood, the men lolled in armchairs. This may be possible in Russia, whence, I under-

stand, came the inspiration for the production, but it was not so in Queen Anne's England: it is not even so in the England of King George V.

I have been to Hammersmith to see the extremely interesting production of "Abraham Lincoln." In the first scene Mr. Cuffney and Mr. Stone are seated by the fire at Lincoln's home. Mrs. Lincoln enters. With no appreciable greeting she seats herself with her back to them and talks into the auditorium. They presently rise and go. She remains seated, though she addresses some sort of good-bye into the air before her. Now, Mrs. Lincoln belongs to the period when no able-bodied English hostess of any class, aristocrat, bourgeoisie, or peasant, would have greeted a guest except on her feet, and there is no reason to suppose that middle-class American women were less punctilious in this respect. Girls were still taught the art of entering and leaving a room gracefully as part of their equipment for life, as they were taught to use the back-board and sit with their feet in boxes to ensure that the toes were turned out at a correct angle.

I would add another criticism of "Abraham Lincoln," not of manners, but of technique. In the last scene Mr. Rea falls between two stools. Lincoln's speech in the theatre never for one moment suggests that it is being made to the imaginary audience of Ford's Theatre. It is made half, but not wholly, to the Lyric audience, who have an uncomfortable feeling that Ford's Theatre can't hear it. There are two ways out of the dilemma, both difficult. One is that Mr. Rea should step boldly to the front of the box, and risk indistinctness to the Lyric, the other that the whole setting of that scene should be re-cast. In any case one wishes that Mr. Drinkwater had followed history and allowed Lincoln to be shot from the stage of Ford's Theatre, instead of from the theatre lounge.—Yours, &c.,

G. J.

MERMAID REDIVIVUS.

SIR,—It is generally recognised that among the foremost tasks of reconstruction, following the nightmare of the past four and a-half years, is the re-creation of a drama that shall reflect the essential features of our National life (as an international contribution), and at the same time provide something of the imaginative stimulus essential to the pursuance of any healthy social activity.

Once before in our history has such a drama flourished. The plays of the so-called "Elizabethan" period, the development out of the medieval miracle plays and interludes of the richest fruit of the Renaissance that withered only under the plague of civil war, fulfilled both these conditions to a degree approached at no time and in no place before or since. As a result of the evil conditions that govern our education and our culture to-day, these plays, with the possible exception of Shakespeare's, are almost wholly neglected, if not unknown to all but isolated and uncreative pedants and professors. Yet here—in the almost faultless technique, the gorgeous color, and the prodigious vitality attained by such masters as Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher, and Massinger—we have surely the soundest as well as the most natural foundation for any national dramatic revival.

Without wishing in any way to disparage the aims of the various new movements, whose formation testifies to the growing disgust with the present state of the theatre—and certainly with no intention of conflicting with them—it is felt that the stimulation of interest in these great plays and playwrights of the past should yield invaluable results in the same direction.

It is therefore proposed to form a circle—however small—of prospective co-operators in the new drama, to meet periodically for the purpose of reading, discussing, and perhaps ultimately performing, Elizabethan plays. By no means with the object of producing "specialists" in this classical school, but to provide practitioners in modern drama with the opportunity of refreshing and re-invigorating their creative faculties at the well-head of their native Poesy.

Those interested are accordingly invited to communicate with the undersigned.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS CLARKE.

H. F. RUBINSTEIN.

76, Addison Road, Kensington, W. 14.

Poetry.

"HOW SHY A THING IS LOVE."

How shy a thing is love,
How shy and swift!
One hour it is not even thought upon,
Then suddenly we lift
New eyes and meet new eyes.
We touch a hand
New as our eyes are new.
We are too wise
To test the newness of our new-born tongues,
But silent stand.
Even so shy a thing is love,
So shy and swift!

SUSAN MILES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Wild Swans at Coole." By W. B. Yeats. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
 "Within the Rim"; and other Essays, 1914-15. By Henry James. (Collins. 6s. net.)
 "A Legend of Glendalough, and other Ballads." By Dora Sigerson Shorter. (Is. net.)
 "The New Elizabethans." By E. B. Osborn. (Lane. 16s. net.)
 "The Jervaise Comedy." A Novel. By J. D. Beresford. (Collins. 6s. net.)
 "The German Empire, 1867-1914." Vol. I. By Wm. Harbutt Dawson. (Allen & Unwin. 16s. net.)

* * *

It is often said that literature has nothing to do with life. Nor has it, if we mean public life, and interpret literature as the expression of beauty and moral passion. All the same, some literary vices have a great deal to do with public life, and I propose this week to take one of them, the fruitiest of them—Cant. Cant is old and young, older than the legend of the wolf who cozened Red Riding Hood or who drank higher up than the sheep, younger than this morning's newspaper. The whole epic of human endeavor may be bowdlerized by a single cant phrase in the margin. Cant is the Pandarus of the revolting angels: more, it is the word of God in the mouth of the Prince of Flies.

* * *

THE first thing to do was to look up cant in the dictionary. Nares says: "A corrupt dialect used by beggars and vagabonds"; Dr. Johnson: "A particular form of speaking peculiar to some certain class or body of men"; and Skeat says: "To cant = to whine." Now these explanations seem to me to introduce a confusion, based on historical rather than psychological data. Nares is right enough in his historical way; he is defining cant, not as a moral or intellectual concept, but as a specific and obsolete idiom peculiar to the Renaissance. Ben Jonson and all the artists of his age interpret cant in this confined sense. From "The Staple of Newes":—

"A Rogue,
 A very Canter, I, Sir,
 One that maunds (i.e. begs)
 Upon the pad."

Now this constricted application has a certain validity, only if the word be traced to the perversion of its origin. The derivation of cant, in fact, is "chant," and, secondarily, but etymologically more closely, "canticle." The meaning of a canticle, I suppose, is a hymn of praise to God, or, in other words, praise in its ultimate, purest, and most intense form. Man, life, spirit, the universe are, therefore, in this sense, a canticle—symbols of the accomplished fact of creation. They praise because they are. From the loins of so holy a first parent was Cant, who slew his brother Abel, born into the world. How, then, did the young life of cant fall into bad company? What was the syrens' song? I can only suggest an illustration. When the narrow rod of human institutions began to measure and partition the divine inheritance the cosmic theatre of worship became a church, the song of praise Hymn No. 896. Man consciously went to church in order to sing canticles. Some men went to praise God, but some men went because others did, because church-going was a means to the favor of the community, because they wanted to be Mayors and Bailiffs and Captains and Churchwardens and Governors and Head-Grocers and Politicians. Thus men designed other than they professed, other than they desired to profess to their neighbors, other than their neighbors believed they professed. Thus was canticle clipped of its tail. Thus was incubated the Ulterior Motive.

* * *

PLAINLY, then, "The Canting Crew" are inadequate to compass the total significance of cant. All that emerges from the motives and operations of their society is that

saying what you don't mean is hiding what you do mean. Their emphasis is on language, ours is on meaning. For cant is not a particular form of speaking, but of *thinking*. The former is jargon—often the instrument, the handmaiden of cant, but by no means its mark of identity. Ultimately, jargon is meaninglessness—a circumvention of expressing the idea. As such it is a puny, neutral vice, achieving its mean ends of periphrasis and evasion. Cant, on the other hand, is a positive and aggressive *mental* dishonesty, using or discarding its familiar, jargon, as a lord his underling. Nor is the esoteric of cant merely to make a show of virtue. Shakespeare put a piece of unconquerable cant into the mouth of Henry V. and enshrined it in some of the most beautiful lines in the language.

"O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown.
 I, Richard's body have interred anew
 And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay
 and I have built," &c., &c.

How admirably the calculating and enumerative spirit of this pious humbug setting forth in pomp to steal and harry his neighbor's land is coupled with his picturesquely advertised humility! How pleased Richard must have been! To cant, then, is not to make a show of virtue, for, you may have it, and if so, you are only a Pharisee, thanking God you are better than your fellows.

* * *

THE complexity of the business is not lessened by the fact that since the Industrial Revolution cant has been made respectable, cultivated, organized, demanded by our system of government. The Old Vice (to parody Shakespeare) has donned a frock-coat. So we see that there is something professorial in the nature of cant, and that, though a positive evil, yet it abhors anything first-hand. It has a way of taking over a ready-made virtue and delivering it to us as if it had leaped like a living phoenix out of the flames of a tremendous conviction. For that reason cant languishes not only without a hidden design, but without an open audience. It is not the possession of virtue that matters; but the assurance in other people that you possess it. Surely it is more blessed to give than to receive. One sees at once how perilous a thing it is. It travels, like Virgil's Rumor, from pillar to post. Canter No. 1 lights the torch and hands it on to a swarm of little canters. Hatched as it must be in the cuckoo-brain of an evil-doer, it can very well be fostered in the top-nests of any number of innocents. It is one of the vices that crawls upon its belly—not leisurely, but with deadly speed. It is coldness counterfeiting heat, malice charity, profit disinterestedness, evil good. It was not cant, for instance, to say, as I saw recorded in a newspaper, to a man who had pleaded the contrary: "God's law be damned." That was direct and honest. When one of our public men spoke of the soldiers in the war as game dogs scrimmaging in a dog-fight, that was not cant, for there was no essential contradiction between the intention and quality of the expression and the intention and quality of the mind that expressed it. But it was cant for one of our Christian pastors to say "the war has opened a window in heaven." But if it is to come to examples, I should end by filling the vaults of the British Museum.

* * *

THERE is a cant not only of persons but of nations, not only of thoughts but of historical events in time. A triumph of liberty that brings slavery, of democracy that slowly murders little children—here is Brobdingnagian Cant bestriding a continent and hiding his horns under his shovel-hat. It is better to be pronged with the horns than smothered under the hat. For, from whatever angle we look at it, cant feeds on corruption, and the greater the corruption the fatter is cant. In some respects, then, the divorce of literature from life may not be undesirable. Our princess shall breathe forth winged words and not frogs from her mouth.

H. J. M.

Reviews.

THE RADICAL TAILOR OF CHARING CROSS.

"The Life of Francis Place (1771-1854)." By GRAHAM WALLAS. (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.)

THIS is a reprint, at a lower price, of Mr. Wallas's "Life of Francis Place," published by Longman's in 1898. It is an illuminating, interesting, and timely book, and one far better worth reading in these mysterious and clouded days than any of the Lives of the Prime Ministers, Lord Chancellors, and Archbishops who "flourished" during the same period. Mr. Wallas deserves to be congratulated again upon the skill he has exhibited in reducing to one volume of 400 pages the most bewildering mass of manuscript-material ever left behind, if not by mortal man, at all events by any previous maker of leather breeches.

The British Museum is a big building, and so, I doubt not, is its storehouse at Hendon, and in one or other of these depositories are to-day to be found the following "footprints" of Francis Place.

(1) An Autobiography of such prodigious proportions that even a biographer of Mr. Wallas's sturdy build is found declaring that "it never was and never will be published," a rash thing to assert of any manuscript in these days.

(2) Many volumes of letter-books containing original letters to Place, with copies of his replies.

(3) Volumes of correspondence between Place and Byron's friend, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton.

(4) Seventy volumes of unfinished manuscripts of intended books on subjects which Place had made his very own.

(5) One hundred and eighty volumes of newspaper cuttings, letters, and pamphlets, all concerned with matters of merely historical and social importance.

And there are more materials in the United States of America, whither, so Mr. Wallas says, in a fine flight of fancy, "some future historian" "may perhaps" have to follow them.

The admirable use, necessarily sparing, Mr. Wallas has been able to make of so much of this material as he knew about when he wrote his book, will force upon the mind of a judicious reader the conviction, however unwelcome, that although it would be absurd to allow these huge collections to upset the whole balance of a student's short life, yet that every one of these volumes probably contains matter highly relevant to the comprehension of the toilsome labors of one of the clearest-headed, most disinterested, as well as industrious of men.

The early days of this honest Reformer can only be described as Hogarthian in their horror. "Gin Lane" would appear to have been the nursing mother of one of the most virtuous and efficient of men.

He was born in a Sponging House, or private debtor's prison, in Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane, kept by his father, who, in 1771, was a Bailiff to the Marshalsea Court. This father, who by trade was a journeyman baker, was not a man of conciliatory demeanor. "If he were coming along a passage or any narrow place, such as a doorway, and was met either by me or my brother, he always made a blow at us with his fist for coming in his way. If we attempted to retreat, he would make us come forward, and, as certainly as we came forward, he would knock us down." He was also an inveterate gambler, and the home, if home it can be called, was more than once broken up owing to his losses in the State Lotteries of the time.

The young Francis, thus reared, took his full share, so Mr. Wallas tells us from the Autobiography, "in the now incredible street-life which flourished in London before the new police." He was skilled in street-games; a hunter of bullocks in the Strand, an obstinate faction-fighter, and a daily witness of every form of open crime and debauchery. When he grew a little older, he belonged to "a cutter club," an eight-oared boat's crew, the coxswain of which was transported for a robbery and the stroke oar hanged on a charge of murder. When Francis reached the age of fourteen his father was seized with one of the quaintest of

paternal notions, and told the boy he was forthwith to be apprenticed, not to a brazier, as Mr. Dick wished David Copperfield to be, but, of all things in the world, to a conveyancer! and this, not in the Pistolian sense of the word. But Vinegar Yard had its proper sense of pride, and the boy rebelled and swore that he would never be a lawyer but must have a regular "trade"; and thereupon his father, that very same evening, over a pot of ale, apprenticed him to "a drunken little wretch" who undertook to initiate him into the art and mystery of a leather-breeches maker, an industry even then as decayed as the Art of Conveyancing has since become. And that is how Francis Place, the friend of Mill, Bentham, Grote, and Cobden, and as good a man as any of them, became a tailor, and, what is more, made a fortune in his trade. Strictly speaking, perhaps, Place never was a tailor—for he never cut a coat, though he employed those who cut Lord Melbourne's coats—but he could make leather breeches against any man in England.

What an education for a moralist and a Reformer! Where, I wonder, even in 1775, could he have got a worse one? But somehow or another it did not turn out so very badly. From four to fourteen, Place went to school "in the neighborhood of Drury Lane," and "in his twelfth year he came under a kindly, ineffectual teacher who lent him books, gave him good advice, and lectured him, with the other pupils, on the elements of morality." Could Socrates have done more? Place, whose words may be taken, records "that he could not recollect a single act of dishonesty during his apprenticeship," and unless it is a sin for a tailor to be occasionally a trifle overbearing and dictatorial, one cannot even hint at a grave fault in the structure of his character. As compared with the elder Mill, for example, he shines with all the radiance of a star.

The poverty of Place's early life is too harrowing to dwell upon. His father, who had become a publican, sold his public-house and at once proceeded to lose all the purchase-money in a lottery. His mother became a washer-woman. At the age of nineteen Francis married a girl of seventeen and went to live with her in one room in a court off the Strand, on a weekly wage of just as many shillings as his wife had years.

The horror of this "one room" situation was Place's true political education, and colored all his thoughts, and occasionally imparts to his cool, level-paced, pedestrian prose an apostolic glow and fervor. Read what he is found writing on page 163 of the working-man's craving for leisure:—

"I know not how to describe the sickening aversion which at times steals over the working-man, and utterly disables him, for a longer or shorter period, from following his usual occupation, and compels him to indulge in idleness."

How Place emerged from this poverty and lived to become one of the most powerful of London citizens and the most useful of political Reformers may be read in Mr. Wallas's book, which deserves to be put side by side with Mr. Hammond's "Town Laborer."

It is, happily, impossible in a short review to epitomize the energies of this indefatigable man. How Mr. Wallas has been able to do it within the compass of four hundred pages is a remarkable feat of authorship. One of Place's rules of action was "a man must have a good many projects in hand to accomplish any," and on page 186 Mr. Wallas records an astounding number of these projects, and it must always be remembered that in the Place vocabulary the word "project" meant something *he saw his way to do*. This tailor always cut his cloth with intent to clothe his man. He was a stern economist of his time, his labor, and his emotions. His "goose" was never a wild goose.

"The most striking piece of work Place ever carried through single-handed" was the repeal of the monstrous Combination Laws in 1824-25.

To read Mr. Wallas's eighth chapter, which deals with this amazing subject, after laying down your morning's "Times" containing a verbatim report of the Commission now sitting under the impartial chairmanship of a Judge of the High Court, is to suffer so violent a change of mental atmosphere as to be risky for well-to-do invalids.

Place writes:—

"The cruel persecutions of the journeymen printers employed on the 'Times' newspaper in 1810 were carried to an almost incredible extent. The Judge who tried them

PELMANISM AND ENERGY

"It Brings Your Mind Into Action At Once," says a Pelman Student.

IN Business and Commercial Life—as, in fact, in every other sphere of human activity—permanent success can only be won by those who possess energy, and energy rightly directed.

Perhaps more men and women have failed in life through lack of energy and application than from any other causes, and very frequently these failures have been the most disappointing and saddening of all failures, the failures of men and women of brilliant mental ability.

Lack of energy is one of the weaknesses which often seems to dog the footsteps of clever people. All through their lives their talents have proved their undoing. So quick are they at "picking up" things that they are apt to be tempted to neglect that steady application and mental discipline which is so necessary for those who wish to succeed in any undertaking. The fable of the hare and the tortoise has many a counterpart in contemporary life. People are attracted by the intellectual brilliance of an individual, they trust him, they give him opportunities—and then they are disappointed. He never quite "gets there." He is bored by routine. He lets opportunity after opportunity slip by. He gets the reputation of being "unreliable." And finally he is passed in the race of progress by those who may not possess his talents, but who have acquired that habit of persistent energy which he lacks.

THE POWER HOUSE OF ENERGY.

One of the most valuable features of Pelmanism to the men and women of the day is that, in addition to providing a complete course of mental discipline and training, and besides "bringing out" just those qualities which are of the greatest use in every Profession, Business, and Occupation, it actually develops, and, in fact, generates that energy which enables those who possess it to put their other faculties to the very best possible use. To those who apply themselves conscientiously to the lessons of the Pelman Course, Pelmanism is a veritable Power House of Energy. As a Pelman student writes in a letter quoted below, "it brings your mind into action at once," so that you never, through lack of energy and alertness, let an opportunity slip by. It makes you, in fact, "a live wire"; one of those men and women who are invaluable to any business and in every position; one of those who, practically speaking, are almost bound to succeed.

"The 'little grey book,' which impressed me very much," writes the student referred to, "was the one which dealt with Human Energy. It brings your mind into action at once. . . . It makes you feel you are of some use to everyone. It makes you think for yourself. You cannot help being energetic. It makes your work come quite easy, and you take a great interest in your achievements. You feel that you must keep on working hard, for only by hard work and human energy can success come your way. I am sure that, with energy, your character changes and your mental faculties improve. You begin to feel happier, you like your work . . . and you jump at the chance of a more responsible job coming your way. I am sure we all have our definite aims, and only Human Energy will help us to carry them to the end."

"AN ALL-ROUND MENTAL RENAISSANCE."

As the above letter implies, Pelmanism not only re-energises the mind, but it develops other valuable qualities as well, all of which make for efficiency in man or woman. This is stated more definitely in a letter recently received from a Sergeant in the Army, from which we quote the following paragraph:—

"I have experienced," he says, "an all-round mental renaissance. I have learned the meaning of mental efficiency; I have come to appreciate its value; I have been brought to realise the importance of a good memory; I have been taught how to generate energy; the efficiency of my senses has been wonderfully improved—I 'observe' now where I merely 'saw' before; my Will-Power has been greatly strengthened; I have learned to think connectedly and to work methodically;

I have been shown how to concentrate; self-confidence and initiative have been developed, and my imagination has been stimulated. Other benefits I have derived, but it is unnecessary to proceed further—they are too numerous to enumerate here. Still, I have to admit that they are all attributable to 'Pelmanism.' Mark you, I do not speak at random, my eulogy is bestowed advisedly, for my improvement is self-evident and unmistakable."

He concludes with a reference to the "pleasure" he has experienced in going through the course and working out the papers which, he says—as many thousands have also said—"are extraordinarily interesting."

RAPID PROGRESS SECURED.

The result of developing these qualities is quickly seen in the rapid progress the Pelmanist makes in business and commercial life. His or her increased efficiency attracts the notice of the management, and promotion, with increased remuneration, follows.

"Prior to being a Pelman student," writes a correspondent, "I watched with envy others succeed where I failed, and I wished I had been born with the qualities to succeed as they had been."

"Then I applied Pelman methods, and in three months am well on the way to succeed as they did."

It is a common fallacy to suppose, as this student supposed, until Pelmanism disproved the idea, that the qualities which make for success in life are "born" in the minds of a few exceptionally favoured individuals and that others do not possess them at all. Most people possess these qualities in some form, but in 99 cases out of 100 they are not developed, and are therefore made of little use. Pelmanism develops these qualities to the highest possible point of efficiency and brings out the best that is in everyone. And such is the value of Pelmanism in business that many important firms have actually enrolled their entire staffs for a course of Pelman training, knowing that the cost of the fees—and these fees are very moderate and well within the reach of everyone—would be repaid over and over again in the increased efficiency of their employees. And employers find Pelmanism equally as valuable to themselves as to those they employ. Thousands of workers and hundreds of leading business and professional men are now practising Pelmanism themselves and gaining great advantages from the course.

DOUBLING YOUR EARNING POWER.

A greatly appreciated feature is the personal interest the Pelman Institute takes in the welfare of its students. As the result of the advice given by the Pelman instructors, "I have," writes one, "obtained a position in a firm where I always desired to go, and my salary has been increased nearly 50 per cent." And many Pelmanists report income increases of 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and even 600 per cent., as the result of the increased efficiency gained from Pelman training. "It is the best investment I have ever made," is a phrase repeatedly occurring in the letters received from delighted Pelmanists. And by this increased efficiency not only is earning power doubled and trebled, but work is made easier, so that better work can be done in less time and with less fatigue. "I have been able to add two hours daily to my business working capacity," writes a Pelman student, and many report an even greater gain than this.

Yet the Pelman Course itself is perfectly easy to understand and to follow. It involves very little expenditure either of time or of money, and it is as interesting to study as it is remunerative to practise. Full particulars are given in "Mind and Memory," which will be sent you free on application, together with a reprint of "Truth's" latest Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the Course complete at a reduced fee. You can apply by letter or postcard to The Pelman Institute, 97, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

was the then Common Serjeant of London, Sir John Silvester, commonly known as 'Bloody Black Jack' . . . The men were sentenced, and the 'Times' of two days afterwards contains the text of 'Bloody Black Jack's' pronouncement. 'Prisoners, you have been convicted of a most wicked conspiracy to injure the most vital interests of those very employers who gave you bread, with intent to impede and injure them in their business, and indeed, as far as in you lay to effect their ruin. The frequency of such crimes among men of your class of life and their mischievous and dangerous tendency to ruin the fortunes of those employers, which a principle of gratitude and self-interest should induce you to support, demand of the law that a severe example should be made of those persons who shall be convicted of such daring and flagitious combinations in defiance of public justice and in violation of public order. No symptom of contrition has appeared.'

After this preachment the sentences followed, varying from nine months to two years.

If it be urged that 1810 is almost as "far off and long ago" as the reign of King Richard the Second, it may be said, in the first place, that down to our own time the language of the Civil Magistrate in such cases was not very different from that of "Bloody Black Jack," who, I have no doubt, was a Bencher of his Inn; and, in the second place, if it is different to-day, a large measure of praise is due to the man who, born in Vinegar Yard, scorned to be a lawyer, and dared to be a tailor.

Though Place was terribly unversed in the political business of his own hour, and was not, by the order of his mind, a prophet or even a philosopher, his prosaic correspondence is occasionally illuminated by flashes of insight you may look for in vain in the letters of the "great men" who thought they were the "natural leaders" of a nascent democracy. Take education, for example. The Chartists, on whom Place gazed with a smile that must have been irritating, thought some of their funds might be advantageously expended in building schools all over the country. But, writes Place, who was a great believer in the Cold Water Cure, and threw it with both hands:—

"I am certain you will never have even one school. You will never raise £3,000 for such a purpose, and £3,000 would not pay for such a school as you have described. I hope to see the time when £20,000,000 will be voted to pay for the building of schools—schools for all, and not schools for Churchmen or Chartists only, and when a compulsory rate will be levied on all, in each school district by a Committee of the district, to pay the expenses of carrying on the schools, in which the teaching shall be really good, and apart from all religion, and especially from all Sectarianism whether religious or political."

Long after the date of this letter Place died, worn out, in 1854, sixteen years before the first Education Act worthy of the name and the nation.

I have already referred to Place's habit of throwing cold water on hasty schemes involving the expenditure of scanty funds. There was a Chartist leader, famous in his day in some quarters and infamous in others, Henry Vincent, a good fellow, but gaseous, much addicted to rhetoric, and a shocking bad man of business. He wanted to get into Parliament for Banbury, where he was told, and believed, his return "was certain." He wrote to Place inviting pecuniary assistance. Place's reply may be read on page 380, but not here. To put it mildly, Place advised Vincent to leave Banbury with its three hundred electors severely alone. His advice was, of course, not taken, and Vincent polled fifty-one votes out of the three hundred. This happened in 1841. In 1842 Vincent was beaten at Ipswich. In 1843 at Tavistock. In 1844 at Kilmarnock. In 1846 at Plymouth. In 1847 and 1848 again and again at Ipswich. In 1852 at York. Vincent never got in anywhere, at any time, and it was, perhaps, fortunate for the House of Commons he did not, for in the opinion of many bad judges he was "the most eloquent man of his time." If, however, Vincent was glad when he heard of Place's death in 1854, not only do I find it easy to forgive him, but so will you if you read Place's letter to him on page 380.

Place knew both the elder and the younger Mill, and his humanity was evidently not a little shocked by the painful spectacle which he once witnessed at Bentham's country house of the elder Mill "cuffing and scolding" his crying children over their preposterous lessons which began every morning at the inhuman hour of six. And yet Place

had known a father who knocked his son down whenever he saw him.

The elder Place or the elder Mill, which father was the more harmful? I think I know—but dare not say. "Oh! Mystery of Mysteries! Education, what are thou?"

It is, perhaps, only fair to add, in concluding, that Place was not only a tailor, but also an Agnostic, an Anti-Socialist, and (though he had himself fifteen children) a Neo-Malthusian!

A. B.

CLEMENCEAU.

"Clemenceau: The Man and His Time." By H. M. HYNDMAN. (Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. HYNDMAN'S life of Clemenceau and record of his time is in some respects a disappointment. Enjoying the personal friendship for many years of the French Prime Minister, the author reveals little new of his character or temperament. His book offers occasional intimate glimpses into the life and character of a complex personality. But for the most part it is a bare record of achievement, of speeches and writing, with quite enormous gaps lightly passed over or summarized in a sentence. And the same is true of his "Time." Mr. Hyndman tells in some detail the story of the Commune, vindicating its purposes and leaders: with all of which Clemenceau was hardly concerned. He selects episodes in the history of the Republic for examination: the Boulanger episode, the Dreyfus case, the activity of "Pacifists"—from Caillaux to Bolo—during the war. But whole decades pass almost unnoticed. This history should have been fuller or the life more intimate. Many of Mr. Hyndman's judgments on men and affairs—which are perhaps a little too intrusive—may easily be disputed. But even in this form Clemenceau's life appears as one of the romances of modern times.

He was born in 1841 at a village on the coast of La Vendée. His father was a doctor, a Republican under the Monarchy, an Atheist hostile to the Royalist and Clerical views of his neighbors. Georges Clemenceau was walking the Paris hospitals at nineteen. At twenty-five he was Professor of French in a young ladies' school in America. At thirty (by the good offices of Etienne Arago) he was Mayor of Montmartre under the Commune. In the Assembly at Bordeaux he had voted against the Peace with Germany. Ruling his turbulent district amid the tragic civil war of Paris against France, he was nearly shot by both sides. At thirty-five he entered the National Assembly, and remained a member of it until he was fifty-two. In that time he succeeded by speech and intrigue in upsetting eighteen Ministries and in nominating three Presidents of the Republic. In 1893, with the panic of the Panama Scandal at its height, and a combination of Clericals and Socialists against him, he was thrown out of Draguignan (Var), and could find no constituency in the whole of France which would elect him as Deputy. Though formidable in journalism, and during the Dreyfus affair the chief protagonist of the unpopular cause, he did not return to political life until he was sixty-one years old, and then to the Senate only. At the age of sixty-five he was still a free lance—the most powerful and the most futile politician in France. "Those who most admired his ability and his career," says Mr. Hyndman, "saw no outlet for his marvellous energy that would be permanently beneficial to the country in a constructive sense." "He revelled in opposition. He rejoiced in overthrow. He was on the side of the people, but he would not help them to realize their aspirations in practical life":—

"There was no understanding such a man. He would remain a brilliant Frenchman of whom all were proud until the end, when he would be buried with public honors as the champion Ishmaelite of his age. 'When I saw he doubted about everything, I decided that I needed nobody to keep me ignorant,' wrote Voltaire. Much the same idea prevailed about Clemenceau. He was the universal sceptic: the man whose intellectual enjoyment was to point out the limitless incapacity of others."

But at sixty-five he embarked upon a fresh adventure: becoming Minister of the Interior in M. Sarrien's Govern-

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietors: H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

GIDDY HEIGHTS.

By

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



"A Knight in Muffi"

HAVING probably written more about clothes than any man, not excepting Carlyle, I am sick to death of the subject. But unhappily for me the public isn't.

It is unfortunate to be blessed with a vivid imagination and cursed with the vice of truthfulness. Better by far to adopt the sound, smug, commercial Victorian maxim: "As I have made my business so must I lie on it . . . and rely on it."

The prices for "good" clothes are scandalously high, but they are unavoidable on the present market. The best cashmere lounge suits costs £16 16s., and could be produced for £8 8s. before this expensive war. And with the cost of materials and production the net profit is lower than in 1914. But high as this price is, it is infinitely lower in comparison with all other necessities.

Let us compare. Suppose one tires of dining "Up West" at an average cost of £3 odd for two, and decides on the simplest possible meal at one's flat. An omelette, a little chicken and bacon, and, in a repentant mode of economy, no wine but good British beer . . . the backbone of the nation . . . &c., &c., plus tosh, &c.

With considerable difficulty, much abuse, and after being treated like a refugee by an autocratic grocer, as a great favour one might possibly obtain: Some pickled and explosive eggs at about 5d. each, an elderly chicken at 12s. 6d., some briny bacon at 2s. 4d. and some ghastly swipes (optimistically called beer) at 10d. a bottle. All the purveyors are making colossal vulgar dividends. Not only are their prices giddily ungodly, but they are horribly uncivil in selling their goods.

Such an atmosphere does not exist in the House of Pope and Bradley. If the prices are so high that only the exclusive few can pay them, then at least the few will find a refreshing and almost medieval courtesy and dignity, and the best materials that can be procured. Bond Street has a tradition which it will maintain, despite the unpleasant fact that the West End is becoming so primitive that it will soon be known as the "Wild West."

The following minimum charges are still within the border line of reason: Tweed Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £12 12s. Overcoats from £10 10s.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

The Natural Foe to Gout, Rheumatism,
Obesity, Constipation, and Dyspepsia, is

Chelspa

The Cheltenham Natural Aperient Water
In Bottles 1/6 each. From Chemists & Stores.

H.M. King Manuel of Portugal

writes—"The Secretary to King Manuel of Portugal is instructed to convey to Messrs. J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd. His Majesty's thanks for the 'De Reszke' Cigarettes. His Majesty has tried them and found them very good."

Baroness Orozy writes:—"Your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes are delicious, sweet and aromatic."

Bransby Williams, Esq., writes:—"Your 'De Reszke' Cigarettes are the very best I know."

GOOD judges unite in praising "De Reszke" Cigarettes. It is for you to put their opinion to the test. Get a box of "De Reszkes"—then you will know what perfection means.

"De Reszke"

The Aristocrat of CIGARETTES

Sold at all Military Canteens at Home and Overseas, also Tobacconists and Stores.



KEEPS THE COLD OUT.

In this cold weather you must have something to keep you warm. A cup of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa taken first thing in the morning will give you a lasting feeling of vigour and warmth.

Rowntree's

ELECT-Cocoa

ment, and a few months afterwards Prime Minister. He went out in anger from a sorely-tried Administration less than three years afterwards. From the age of sixty-eight to that of seventy-six he was out of office. The public, and especially Paris, smiled at the young old man with his "L'homme Libre" and his "L'homme Enchaîné," most of which latter consisting of blank spaces and heavily-censored articles. But all else collapsed. France in its darkest hour called upon him to suppress defection at home and ensure Victory abroad. In a little over two years of office he achieved both beyond the wildest dreams of his people. To-day he stands as their representative, presiding over a "Peace Conference" of all the nations, and watching, perhaps with something of the old cynicism, the laborious intrigues out of which is to be elaborated the Universal Utopia. One would like to hear his verdict (some of his private reflections are current coin already) upon the contesting representatives of rival nations, each speaking platitudes of irreproachable sentiment, each trying to grab a little more for himself. Certainly if Clemenceau had been outside the Peace Conference instead of being its President, the world would have been enriched by a stream of satire and invective such as that which made and unmade the reputations of politicians and Ministers. And there he sits to-day, still wondering, one may suppose, at the tumults and follies of mankind: having experience of every phase of human fortune in a life of almost eighty years.

That life is full of contradictions and inconsistencies. He commenced by fierce opposition to the Senate "which with its anti-democratic method of election was a permanent danger to the State." For the last sixteen years of his life he has been a life Senator. He commenced by supporting ardently Boulanger, who was his cousin. He ended by attacking the popular General with an ardor no less intense. At first he believed in the guilt of Dreyfus, and wrote scathing and bitter articles against him. Afterwards he carried on a crusade in his favor only paralleled by that of Voltaire in defence of the memory of Calas. He published his Dreyfusard articles, in five stout volumes, commemorative of the campaign and its victory. He published also his previous anti-Dreyfusard articles, as a kind of penance for his blindness. One series was as bitter and scathing as the other: only it was directed against different persons. All through the 'eighties he was opposing all French foreign territorial adventure, with every argument of a "little Englanier." The Treaty which secured Tunis was carried in the Chamber by 480 votes to one. The one was Georges Clemenceau. Six months later that cheery and defiant minority had brought the Government of Jules Ferry toppling to the ground. Yet when in office in 1908 he supported a work of expansion in Morocco similar to that he had denounced in Tunis: using in defence all the arguments of his former opponents which he had challenged and destroyed. "In his defence of these aggressions," says his friend and biographer, "he recites those familiar apologies for that soul of patriotism which consists in love of another people's country, and the determination to seize it, which we Englishmen have become so accustomed to in our own case."

He emphasized always the hard lot of the poor and the unfairness of the State actively interfering in disputes between masters and men. "No sooner does a strike begin than the State," he protested, "which five minutes ago had no right to interfere, is called upon to bring in horse, foot, and artillery on the side of the coal-owners. Then the miners have no rights left, and the judges decide against them on shameless pretexes and condemn them to prison when they cannot bear false witness in support of the police and military." But in the great coal strike at Courrières, Clemenceau, then in office, sent in the horse, foot, and artillery. When the electricians struck suddenly in Paris he called up the State Engineers under military control to replace them. When the wine-growers of the South rose in revolt against adulterated wines, he sent down soldiers who fired on the crowd. These actions roused the undying hate of the Socialists. Clemenceau scarcely took the trouble to defend his action: except in the great debate with Jaurès. His creed was that of a humanitarian determinism. He believed in no perfectibility of the race. He thought the ultimate fate of mankind was to be frozen into unconscious-

ness in a dying world. He represented in his vivacity, his indifference, his candor, and in his mischief, the very spirit of the Paris he loved so well. And "I say to God," he wrote, "If you are not satisfied with me, you had only to make me otherwise." And I defy him to answer me."

The mere skeleton record of his life reveals a career unprecedented in modern Europe. It is a career so different from that of the patriot statesman on the one hand, or the *arriviste* on the other, as to stand in a class by itself—a little lonely. And loneliness was characteristic of this brilliant *frondeur*, who fought for and against all parties, for and against all principles, and never in his extraordinary experience of dark fortune and of bright seemed to carry more than a smiling acquaintanceship with his contemporaries. Even at the end, in a year's first of agonizing suspense and then of intoxicating triumph, he appears solitary: cherishing still the reserve, the contempt, the malicious insight with which he had always contemplated the "great men" of his generation. His apostrophe, to the body of a boy killed on the field of battle, is characteristic of one who in the thick of furious conflict always seemed alone. "Te voilà, jeune, beau, tu crois en les hommes, tu aimes les femmes, et tu es mort. Moi, je vis, je me méfie des hommes, et les femmes ne m'intéressent plus." At the fall of his first Ministry, mainly through a fit of temper on his part, "I came in with an umbrella," was his cynical comment, "I go out with a stick." His latest Government was roundly characterized as a Government of Clemenceau and a few clerks. Not a single first-class politician was included in it. The Socialists remained outside as an angry opposition. And if the Prime Minister were to retire, the whole affair would fall like a house of cards.

Only at the end, with the great task accomplished, almost as if by a miracle, did this disguise for a moment withdraw. The Senate decreed that Georges Clemenceau and Marshal Foch had "well deserved the gratitude of their country." Towards the close of the historic meeting Clemenceau himself entered the Senate. "He received an astonishing welcome. Everyone present rose to greet him. Men who but yesterday were his enemies, and are still his opponents, rushed forward with the rest to applaud him, to shake hands with him, to thank him, to embrace him. The excitement was so great that Clemenceau, for the first time in his life, broke down. Tears coursed down his cheeks, and for some moments he was unable to speak." He had spoken first in the Chamber, asking for remembrance of others who "were the initiators and first workers in the immense task which is being completed this month." "I remember that I entered the National Assembly of Bordeaux in 1871, and was—I am the last of them—one of the signers of the protests against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine."

"I wish to speak of Gambetta, of him, who, defending the territory under circumstances which rendered victory impossible, never despaired. With him, and with Chanzy, I voted for the continuation of the war, and, in truth, when I think of what has happened in these fifty years, I ask myself whether the war has not continued all the time. May our thoughts go back to them: and when those terrible iron doors that Germany has closed against us shall be opened, let us say to them 'Pass in first: you showed us the way.'"

He gloried in the triumph of "the Republic which we made in peace, which we have upheld in war, the Republic which has saved us during the war." And he concluded with a characteristic phrase: "Ce n'est pas Dieu, c'est la France qui le veut."

It is an historic scene, for which the vicissitudes of a whole life spent in fighting seemed but a preparation. Few men have ever experienced a "rounding off" and consummation so artistic and complete. Had he lived only his allotted three score years and ten, or, even had Peace come in 1916 when Germany first offered it, the memory of this man would have been forgotten in a decade or a generation. Living to be of patriarchal age, he found the "one fight more, the best and the last." And as once he had been most hated of all public men by his own people, so now he had become their idol. Henceforth his name will be for ever associated with the most amazing reversal of fortune in human affairs that the world has ever known.

NEW FICTION**MAUD DIVER****STRANGE ROADS**Second Impression. **6s. net****M. Storm Jameson****THE POT BOILS****6s. net**

"... interesting and independent work, admirably exhilarating."—*Daily News*
 "Essentially a novel of youth; curious, inquisitive youth."
 —*Sheffield D. Telegraph*.

Rose Macaulay**WHAT NOT****6s. net**

"... an entertaining satire upon the current tendency to put us under government regulation in everything, even getting married."—*Globe*.

Olivia Maitland Davidson ('EVE' of 'THE TATLER')

THE LETTERS OF EVE**6s. net**

"She has gained a reputation for brilliancy which she earns with every page she has written."—*Daily Express*.

W. L. George**THE MAKING OF AN ENGLISHMAN**New Edition with a new Preface. **6s. net****Valery Brussof****THE REPUBLIC OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS****5s. net**

"Poe never wrote anything grimmer than the title story . . . We heartily wish it were in the hands of every materialist Utopian in Europe and America."
 —*Manchester Guardian*.

S. G. Tallents**THE STARRY POOL & OTHER TALES**Second Impression. **4s. 6d. net**

"Singularity fresh and beautiful sketches."—*The Challenge*.

FORTY DAYS IN 1914**Maj.-Gen. Sir F. MAURICE**

With Maps.

9s. net

"This is the best book we have yet seen concerning the war. It is the work of a scholar, a soldier, and a gentleman—not a very common combination, well ordered, well arranged, and written. . . . We repeat that this book is one which, alike for manner and matter, deserves no ordinary welcome from British readers, and we heartily thank Sir Frederick Maurice for it."—*The Spectator*.

A SHORT HISTORY OF POLAND

By Lieut.-Col. F. E. Whitton.

With Maps.

8s. 6d. net

"The accomplished author presents the political and military events of the country with great clarity, and skillfully contrasts the different policies adopted in its history by Russia, Prussia, and Austria."—*Daily Graphic*.

ODYSSEY OF A TORPEDOED TRAMP

By "Y"

6s. net

"... gives a good idea of what we owe to the men of the Merchant Service. . . . A book to buy."—*Daily Mail*.

SCENES OF RUSSIAN LIFE

By Josephine Calina

6s. net

"... a book for the hour that is with us."
 —*Manchester Guardian*.

RHYME & REVOLUTION IN GERMANY

By J. G. Legge

15s. net

"An admirable documented history of the revolutionary tendencies which created Karl Marx."—*Morning Post*.

KULTUR IN ROMAN TIMES

By J. Selden Willmore

4s. 6d. net

"His compilation sweeps away completely at the bar of history all German pretensions to ancient civilisation."
 —*Guardian*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER

By Col. James Morris Morgan

10s. 6d. net

"Capital reading, and just the thing for the mess or wardroom."—*Field*.

REALISM

By Arthur McDowall

10s. 6d. net

"In his stimulating æsthetic study Mr. McDowall strips away many popular misconceptions."—*Scotsman*.

BULGARIA SELF-REVEALED

By Victor Kuhne. With a Preface by Auguste Gauvain.

4s. 6d. net

"We earnestly recommend the book to all lovers of truth."
 —*New Europe*.

HIGH ADVENTURE

By James Norman Hall.

Author of "Kitchener's Mob."

6s. net

"The most fascinating account of flying and fliers which has come my way."—*Punch*.

POETRY

THE SAD YEARS. A last Volume of Poems by **Dora Sigerson.** With a Memoir by Katherine Tynan. **5s. net**

MOTLEY & OTHER POEMS. By **Walter de la Mare.** Second Impression. **3s. 6d. net**

170 CHINESE POEMS. Translated by **Arthur Waley** **7s. 6d. net**

"Mr. Waley's Treasure-book of Translations lightens British ignorance."—*Manchester Guardian*.

FROM THE HOME FRONT. A New Volume of Verse by **Sir Owen Seaman.** **1s. 6d. net**

CONSTABLE & CO. LTD.**LONDON: 10 ORANGE ST. W.C.2**

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.

"The Art of Peace, and Other Poems." By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

"Hymenæa, and Other Poems." By ROBIN FLOWER. (Selwyn & Blount. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Poems." By MARGARET POSTGATE. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. net.)

"A Merry-go-Round of Song." By NORMAN GALE. (The Author. 6s. net.)

WELL might the reviewer perambulating these pages of Mr. Housman's say to himself, when he reached "Evensong," "The traveller's journey is done." For his poem is perfection, and the personal consciousness of the poet, elsewhere breaking through these cloud-barriers of speech fitfully and in sudden, vanishing gleams, is here triumphantly unimpeded, losing itself in the serene depths of beauty. "Evensong" possesses that inevitable fusion of sound, measure, feeling, and mind which in the best poems makes poetry so distinctive a medium of expression from prose, and communicates itself so surely to the reader that he seems to remember an old, rather than receive a new, impression. He reads the lines now; he has read them before in some remote past, and will read them again in a future of which the lines themselves give him the assurance. Thus, when we speak of the immortality of a poem, its meaning has a wider and more direct application than it appears normally to signify. Such poems seem as firmly and eternally set as the solar system, and though the individuality of the man who wrote them is rather intensified than faded into a larger synthesis, yet it is no exaggeration for us to feel that the solar system wrote them rather than the poet. But here is the poem:—

"Weary pilgrim, rest thy powers,
Nature hath her reaping hours.
Thou, so rich in memories stored,
Blend thine own with Nature's hoard.
Other milestones distant far—
See thy last in yonder star!"

"Where the roseate doors of rest
Open in the deepening west,
O'er thy quarters for this night
Hesperus upholds his light;
And the folding dusk shall bring
Sleep to be thy covering."

"Pain and toil, as partners here
Mingle for remembrance dear.
Couldst thou sever this from these,
Rest were robbed of half her ease;
Could thy heart forget the cost,
Labor done were labor lost."

"Pilgrim in thine evening skies
Thou canst make no stars arise;
Yet may Time, or gentler stream,
Gather and reflect the gleam.
Where the widening ripples yield,
Gleanings from a distant field."

"Here, in fellowship with thee,
Earth attains tranquility:
Through the reaping-field of dreams
Evening draws her shadowy teams,
And a young moon, newly born,
Sets her sickle to the corn."

Comparisons are misplaced in these pure regions, and whether inferior in quality or no, this beautiful poem is in the same notation as Collins's "Ode to Evening," Blake's "Thou fair-haired Angel of Evening," and Wordsworth's "The holy time is quiet as a nun." Elsewhere, Mr. Housman has to pay for a moment of inspiration such as this. "The Bands of Orion," "Armageddon and After," "Eheu Fugaces!" and "The Call of Winter" are all delightful poems, but the others hold a different rank altogether from that of this cabal. All of them are strongly colored with Mr. Housman's charming and gentle spirit, but they are plainly defective in power and its complementary workmanship.

Mr. Flower's poems possess a curiously antique and sculptural quality, which, if lacking in intensity and concentration, is very pleasingly expressive. The formal dignity of his language, transparent clearness, and purity of measure are a straight, solid high road for the reader who ventures with some trepidation among the alert and varied but insecure experiments of modern verse. Here we find:—

"The poise and counterpoise
Of rhythmic words made sweet with gathered love
From all their past employs."

Mr. Flower indeed reminds us of Mr. William Watson in his palmier days, though he is rarely stiff or cold. Indeed, his fault is his very sureness and precision of treatment, for the element of emotional surprise is lacking. We do not at all mean to imply that Mr. Flower's utterance is professorial. It is only that his fine dignity of temper and of expression to match lets us in a little too readily to his poetic secrets. For all that, it is an unusual pleasure to meet with so lofty a resonance in poetic days whose virtues and failings are upon a different plane altogether. We quote from "The Dead," a poem admirably just and true in its values:—

"Spirits alight and alert, circling and flying
Over death and life, being done with living and dying,
Being free of the flesh, glad runaways from that prison,
Eager for joy, avid of light, from slumber arisen;
So enemy going by enemy, as friend by friend,
In the level light of the quiet evening end
They flew and mounted, and dwindled, and so were gone.
And the night drew down and the stars came one by one,
A wandering wind began to mutter and sigh,
And the earth lay lonely under a livid sky."

It is a fortunate sign of our times that the term "minor verse" has completely lost its reproach. We have perhaps as many working poets as the Elizabethans had, and a large number of them, "minor poets" though they be, yet deserve and receive their due measure of our attention and respect. Indeed the contrast between the level excellence of our poetry and the wholesale meanness, futility, and corruption of our social and political life—the general lowering of standards which poetry so zealously preserves—is a very curious landmark in literary history. So that Miss Postgate will by no means be cast down by our calling her very agreeably printed little book a good specimen of minor verse. It means no more than that she has her fellows, who, like her, unburden themselves of their notions of life in worthy and serious numbers. Verse, in short, is becoming less and less of a specialized function, more and more of a natural medium for imaginative people. Miss Postgate writes partly of love and partly of war, and the following is a remarkable example of how *not* to let the reader into the secret. "The Veteran" is giving advice out of his experience to young soldiers off to the war. That experience has made him blind:—

"And we stood there, and watched him as he sat,
Turning his sockets when they went away,
Until it came to one of us to ask
'And you're—how old?'
'Nineteen, the third of May.'"

The shock to the reader is the measure of the poignancy of the poem's feeling and the adroitness with which it is stage-managed. Fresh and full of feeling as the poems are, they are not always so astringent, economized, and thoroughly workmanlike as this one, and Miss Postgate, in a future book, will no doubt conclude that such an idiosyncrasy as—

"Even this pink and perfect slug
Would hardly pass your censor in an envelope,"

is not necessary to jog our attention. Among much good work we select the following epitaph:—

"Ask me not whether he were friend or no
That lies beneath.
Nor whether in a worthy fight or no
He came to death.
Pass on, and leave such reckonings unmoved,
Remembering now
Here lieth one who gave for that he loved
A greater gift than thou."

There is a truth of feeling and sense of composition here which any poet might be proud of.

Mr. Norman Gale's jovial poems are written for children, and more important than their versatility of rhyme and ease of execution is their right perception of tone. True, a child editor might blue-pencil a few which, in his opinion, betrayed a somewhat avuncular manner, but the rest he would be, or ought to be, anxious to circulate broadcast among his readers. For, if it be possible to penetrate the mystery of a child's mind, he would, we believe, be far more ready to take to Mr. Gale's volume than Mr. Sturge Moore's "The Little School," which was published with the same intentions last year.

Volume IV Ready Immediately

CONAN DOYLE'S GREAT HISTORY OF THE WAR

THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE & FLANDERS

Complete in Six Volumes, with Maps, Plans, and
Diagrams 7/6 net each

Volume I 3rd Edition 1914

Volume II 2nd Edition 1915

Volume III 3rd Edition 1916

Volume IV *Ready Immediately* 1917

The concluding volumes will be ready shortly

These books will never be superseded. They must be kept at hand for constant consultation by every student of the War

Uniform with the above. VOLUME I. 7/6 net

THE BRITISH CAMPAIGNS IN THE NEARER EAST

By EDMUND DANE

The concluding volume will be ready shortly

"Edmund Dane, whose analyses of the war have been so masterly."—*Public Opinion*. "His book is excellent reading throughout its pages, and deserves a place in every library."—*Truth*.

With an Introduction by GENERAL BIRDWOOD

THE DIGGERS NOW READY

By CAPTAIN WILLIAM T. DENNY, M.C., M.P.

A breezy and vigorous account of "The Diggers," by a typical Digger! Captain Denny who, when the war broke out, was Attorney-General for South Australia, enlisted as a private. This is "Bill Denny's" own book.

Illustrated. 6/- net

*Hodder & Stoughton, Publishers
Warwick Square, London, E.C. 4*

Messrs. LONGMANS' LIST.

History of Zionism, 1600-1918.

By NAHUM SOKOLOV. With 89 Portraits and Illustrations, selected and arranged by ISRAEL SOLOMONS. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., and Letters to the Author from the Right Hon. VISCOUNT BRYCE and the late Colonel Sir MARK SYKES, Bart., M.P. In Two Volumes. 8vo. Volume I. Now Ready. 21s. net.

Education and Social Movements, 1700-1850.

By A. E. DOBBS, formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

The War in Africa, 1914-1917, and in the Far East, 1914.

By H. C. O'NEILL. With 11 Illustrations and 7 specially prepared Campaign Maps in Colours. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

The New Eastern Europe.

By RALPH BUTLER. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

The book describes the political conditions prevailing during modern history in five different nations—viz., Finland, the Baltic Provinces, Lithuania, Poland, and the Ukraine. The author describes the national aspirations of these peoples and the main events of their recent political history.

Recommended for reading during Lent by the
BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Increase of God.

By the Rev. A. H. McNEILE, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin. With an Introduction by the BISHOP OF LONDON. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
"It is an admirable book, viewing old themes from new angles; it is refreshingly free from the language of the pulpit, which is resented by the plain man."—THE CHALLENGE.

Hopes for English Religion.

By the Rev. JOHN NEVILLE FIGGIS, D.D., Litt.D., of the Community of the Resurrection. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. net.

The Philosophy of Plotinus.

The Gifford Lectures at St. Andrews, 1917 and 1918. By the Very Rev. W. R. INGE, C.V.O., D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. Two Volumes. 8vo. 28s. net.

"A critical exposition which, in thoroughness and penetration, goes beyond anything hitherto accomplished in this country or on the Continent."—BRITISH WEEKLY.

The Human Machine and Industrial Efficiency.

By FREDERIC S. LEE, Ph.D., LL.D., Dalton Professor of Physiology in Columbia University; President of the American Physiological Society, &c. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Chemistry in the Service of Man.

By ALEXANDER FINDLAY, M.A., D.Sc., F.I.C., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Wales. With 3 Portraits and 23 Diagrams in the Text. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Recent Advances in Physical and Inorganic Chemistry.

By ALFRED W. STEWART, D.Sc. With an Introduction by Sir WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., F.R.S. With 23 Illustrations. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

[Third Edition. Thoroughly Revised and Re-written.]

Recent Advances in Organic Chemistry.

By ALFRED W. STEWART, D.Sc. With an Introduction by J. NORMAN COLLIE, LL.D., F.R.S. 8vo. 14s. net.

[Third Edition.]

The Third Edition contains, among other things, accounts of recent work on chlorophyll, rubber, the anthocyanins and elements showing abnormal valencies. A new introductory chapter gives an account of the progress of organic chemistry in the twentieth century.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. 4

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Cultivation of Osiers and Willows." By WM. P. ELLMORE. Edited, with Introduction, by THOMAS OKEY. (Dent. 3s. 6d.)

MR. ELLMORE, who is an extensive grower of willows and an authority on the trades which depend upon willow cultivation for their raw material, deals with a neglected branch of agriculture. It is not so unimportant an industry as it may be thought by a townsman, who understands, however, the demand for baskets and cricket-bats. We learn that an osier crop probably affords a more profitable return than any other, and that no country in the world is better adapted than our own for its cultivation, yet the war revealed a deficiency in the home supply of raw material for basket-weaving, one of the oldest of our industries. This handbook gives a comprehensive survey of the whole craft of cultivation and preparation, and Mr. Okey, in his introduction, cunningly captures the attention of the unprofessional by an enthusiastic endorsement of Cato's regard of an osier bed as more estimable than an olive plantation or than wheat or meadow land.

"Through Egypt in War Time." By MARTIN S. BRIGGS. (Fisher Unwin. 21s.)

A CRITIC once said that if the time which Mr. Thomas Hardy had devoted to the study of architecture had been given to the technique of novel writing, possibly he would have been a passable novelist. There is nothing in this book which should recall to the mind that egregious "howler," except the apposition of the facts that Mr. Briggs, like Mr. Hardy, is an architect, wore the badge of the medical profession during the war (being an officer of the R.A.M.C.) and now has written a book. The critic's law, merely funny when applied to Mr. Hardy, may have some rudiments of reason in another case. If there be any technique to be studied for the purpose of writing travel books, the learned Baedeker was surely Mr. Briggs's teacher. He has caught the spirit and style of his master, though Baedeker is never so expansive. Also he has read Herodotus to advantage. Whenever the scene demands it, he is able to produce the right quotation from Herodotus or from later writers. The reader is grateful for these oases in the desert over which Mr. Briggs takes him. Apart from these quotations, a pleasing feature of the book are the illustrations. Mr. Briggs, as an architect keenly interested in his profession, has been busy with sketch book and camera among the temples and monuments. His pictures are plentiful and good.

"Watson Pasha: A Record of the Life Work of Sir Charles Moore Watson." By STANLEY LANE-POOLE. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

SIR CHARLES WATSON'S was not the kind of personality newspapers care to keep before a public which is generally obedient to the command to render homage. A tenth part of Watson's knowledge and energy would make some reputations. After an inevitable amount of publicity during his work in Egypt thirty years ago, this versatile Royal Engineer was content to give the service of his well-stored, scientific mind to the accomplishment of tasks which are not in the limelight. He was a tireless investigator of inventions, and his careful work as a geographer won the confidence of his chiefs. Gordon, who exercised great influence over him, made Watson his closest confidant in Egypt. Mr. Lane-Poole devotes a large part of the biography to the tragedy at Khartum and quotes letters sent by Gordon to Watson within a few weeks of his death. A full account is given of Watson's ride to Cairo, after Tel-el-Kebir, where he captured the citadel. Mr. Lane-Poole speaks of the military jealousy of the R.E.'s at that time, which may have led to the "curious lapse of memory shown both in Sir G. Wolseley's official despatch and in General Drury Lowe's report, which appeared in the "London Gazette" of October 6th, 1882, and assigned the exclusive credit for effecting the capture of the Citadel to an officer who was not present at the surrender, whereas Watson himself and an officer of the Royal Irish Fusiliers were the only two not mentioned in the despatch out of a total of thirty-five officers who received promotion for their services on this occasion." After some delay the omission was rectified.

"Life of Viscount Rhondda." By the Rev. J. VYRNWY MORGAN, D.D. (Allenson. 10s. 6d.)

VISCOUNT RHONDDA was a man of undeniable strength of character and of vision, keen but not broad. Recalled to public life during the war, he accomplished the feat of winning confidence in an office regarded by the majority of people with suspicion. It was one of the few distinct personal triumphs of the war. Lord Rhondda's was a bureaucratic mind, actively antagonistic to the democratic idea. Since he was impatient of ideology, and possessed a sense of humor, his shade must be amused at Dr. Morgan's rhapsodies. Dr. Morgan has studied Lord Rhondda as some men study Cromwell and Napoleon. He deals exhaustively with his subject's ancestry, upbringing, possessed a sense of humor, his shade must be amused at Dr. Morgan's rhapsodies. Dr. Morgan has studied Lord Rhondda as "a man of a transcendent order"; he had "the strength of a man and some of his weaknesses." From some not too friendly references to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George it would appear that they did not always see eye to eye with Lord Rhondda.

The Week in the City.

THE new "Peace" Estimates, which seem likely to total 1,500 millions for the new financial year, have produced feelings of dismay among intelligent persons in the City. The amount is more than seven times the previous Budget, and in spite of the triumph over Germany, the British Army is to cost about ten times as much as it did before the war. It looks as if borrowing will continue on a larger scale than during the first year of the war. Yet, so far, British Government securities show only small declines, while French loans are somehow maintained in spite of the condition of French public finances. The prospects of an indemnity may be judged by the Belgian official claim of 1,400 millions sterling. If this is accepted by the Allies, and Belgium gains priority, the amount might conceivably be paid off in fourteen years, after which the much larger claims of France and Italy, to say nothing of Serbia and Roumania, would have to be satisfied. It looks as if the British taxpayer will pay 200 millions a year for an Army of Occupation in order to secure a German indemnity, which, under the most favorable circumstances, and with the best of health, he cannot hope to touch during his lifetime. The Government is borrowing so much on temporary advances that money remains cheap, and loans are obtainable at 3 per cent., or less, while the discount rate remains round about 3½ per cent. The news from Canada has caused a slump in Grand Trunks, but Mexicans and rubber shares and oil shares are all in demand. Holders of Channel Tunnel shares are, of course, benefiting by the announcement that the Government intends to build the tunnel. Thursday's Bank Return showed a welcome improvement in the Reserve.

THE PRUDENTIAL'S NEW VENTURE.

The Prudential's decision to augment its vast life business by a plunge into the realm of fire and accident, is the chief topic in the insurance world, but the decision need cause no surprise. The Prudential has such a gigantic clientele and such a network of connections throughout the length and breadth of the country that scope for building up an excellent fire and accident business must lie ready to its hand. For the purpose of avoiding the necessary security for the new type of business during development, it is proposed to issue new capital in the form of 1,000,000 "B" shares, to be dependent for dividends upon the profits of the new branches of the business. They will be offered *pro rata* to existing shareholders, and only a small amount of the subscription price will be called up at first. This new issue is necessary because, of course, the existing 100 millions of the company's funds are earmarked as security for the life business. The report of the company for 1918 shows that the great burden of the war has been successfully borne, and the position is very powerful.

COURTAULD'S.

The steady support enjoyed by Courtauld's shares on the London Stock Exchange for some time past was evidence that the market expected something good from the report. This document, which is now available, affords no good reason for disappointment. In respect of 1918, a dividend of 3s. 6d. per share, or 32½ per cent. free of tax is to be distributed, which compares with 30 per cent., less tax, a year ago. Net profits were £1,184,938 against £1,170,863. In view of the chaos in Russia, the balance of the holdings in the Russian Viscose company have been written off, and other allowances to reserve and depreciation total £402,938. In spite of the disappearance of the Viscose shares as a live asset, investments appear in the latest balance sheet at £3,251,347 against £2,409,009 a year ago. Courtauld's shares now yield £4 1s. 9d. per cent. (net—free of tax), at the present quotation of 7 15-16ths, which is certainly not higher than their proper level.

LUCILLUM.

ENWY

length
road.
com-
rded
the
da's
emo-
and
d at
Lord
He
ring,
d at
Lord
had
rom
Mr.
s see

1,500
s of
nt is
the
ten
wing
the
only
d in
jects
m of
and
paid
s of
ania,
ayer
order
table
e to
g so
and
ount
nada
bber
nnel
ment
luy's
erve.

ness
chief
e no
such
h of
and
pose
ness
the
ends
will
small
This
100
for
hows
orce,

the
that
This
for
per
hich
rofits
s in
ecose
serve
rance
the
ago.
ee of
ainly